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THE REVOLT OF EZRA

How He Came Into His Own

BY E. RAYNER

Drawings By Harry C. Edwards

NEW YEAR'S EVE! What if 'tis? Let them as has somethin' to expect out of the New Year take 'count on it. I ain't. Dunno as I ever had any good out of any on 'em. Dunno as I ever shall hev."

He turned and went out, but it was noticeable that the great rough hand drew the door to gently. It was noticeable, but nobody noticed it. The old woman lying upon the bed was too well used to the awkward gentleness of her big son to observe each separate act, and there was no one else who saw it.

The hand that opened the door three minutes later had no gentleness in it. It sent the handle back against the wall with a jar that made the forehead of the woman draw together in a pucker of pain.

"Layin' down ag'in?" said the old man harshly, as he entered. "'Pears like as if you was idlin' on that there bed most part of your time. Don't take a woman long to git up a sick spell when she feels kinder lazy. Where's Ezra?"

"Gone arter the cows, I guess," said the woman wearily.

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The old man glared at her, and grunted discontentedly.

"I dunno as you'd 'a' felt a sight worse if you'd gone arter 'em yourself, and left him so's he could 'a' kept on with his choppin'," he said. "Better hurry up and git supper."

"I warn't calculatin' to git no supper to-night. Ezra'll 'tend to it when he comes in," was the answer.

"Warn't calculatin', warn't ye?" said the old man gruffly. "Look a-here, old woman! I'm calculatin' on hevin' a woman that does her duty by her husband, and if you can't do that, you and me ain't goin' to hit it jest right. Now, then, turn out and git that there supper."

"Can't you wait till Ezra comes, 'Lisha?" said the woman weakly, but with an utter absence of surprise at his words. She was too well used to his harshness to be either wounded or frightened by it. "I s'pose if I was a-dyin' I'd hev to git up and git your supper," she added.

"You ain't dyin' yet, and ain't likely to," growled her husband, as she dragged her feet over to the stove to put in more wood.

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He dropped into an armchair with an old cushion on it, the only cushioned seat in the clean, bare kitchen, and watched his wife's movements, grumbling the while that he had to wait, and that his stepson had not done more chopping in the wood at the farther end of the farm.

"Cordwood's fetchin' well jest now. Ezra hadn't oughter lose a half a second," he growled. "If you'd 'a' fetched them there cows and milked 'em, he might 'a' kep' on till dark and lost no time."

"Mother, what are you doin' out here?"

She was at the woodpile, gathering into her shaking arms a few sticks of wood.

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"Father's come in and wants his supper right away," she explained, looking up into the face of the young man and smiling faintly.

"Let him wait, if he can't fetch his own wood," said the young man angrily. "You go right back to bed,—and see that you stay there. You ain't a-goin' to get no supper this night, not for him nor nobody."

He took the wood from her, and stalked into the kitchen with it. Then he turned, lifted her, and deposited her on the bed.

"You stop right there," he said. "Father and me can wait on ourselves, and if we can't, you ain't goin' to wait on us."

He went about the business of preparing supper in a manner that showed he was accustomed to it. There was not much in the line of housekeeping that Ezra was not accustomed to. The clean boards of the kitchen floor, and the shining black surface of the kitchen stove, owed their peculiar excellences to Ezra's arm.

"About done that choppin'?"

Old 'Lisha Slocum's mouth was full of fried pork and potatoes, and the words had to squeeze their way through with a sort of smothered persistency that brought them out thickly and unevenly as he uttered them.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Ain't had time."

"You're a liar."

The young man's face flushed. He opened his lips, glanced toward the bed, and shut them again. If it had not been for that little feeble old woman, 'Lisha Slocum would have waited long before he secured the services of the strong-armed man who received nothing but his board for work that, bestowed anywhere else but on his stepfather's farm, would have left him with money enough in his pocket to—Ah, well, the mother was there, and being there she was Ezra's care. Other men could bring home a wife, and have the money to support her, but other men had not 'Lisha Slocum for father.

It was 'Lisha Slocum that stood between Ezra and all thought of rejoicing on this New Year's Eve,—'Lisha Slocum, and Elsie Beverly.

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It was odd that Elsie should stand in the way of Ezra's happiness. She was pretty and dainty and young,—a year younger than Ezra, for all that she was a widow. There was not a thing in the world that Ezra would not have given up for Elsie,—not one, except the care of his mother.

But it was Elsie who was in his mind as truly as 'Lisha when he declared that he didn't know that he had ever had cause for rejoicing, and didn't know that he ever should have. They both stood in the way, 'Lisha because he was too near the young man, and Elsie because she was not near enough. Even the little, worn out, frail mother did not know what it cost Ezra to see Charlie Beverly carry the girl off and make her his wife, while all the time he had not dared to speak what was in his heart. Speak! He speak, when he had not twenty-five cents in his pocket, and was not likely to have!

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"I'm not such a sneak as to ask a girl to take the worst half of nothing," he thought bitterly, on the day when he first realized that Charlie Beverly was likely to secure the coveted prize.

Ezra had bedded the horses, and fed the cows, and filled the woodbox to overflowing before 'Lisha had done dozing by the fire, every now and then opening his eyes irritably at his son's entrance. 'Lisha was more aggressively surly than usual to-night.

"Anythin' gone amiss, 'Lisha?"

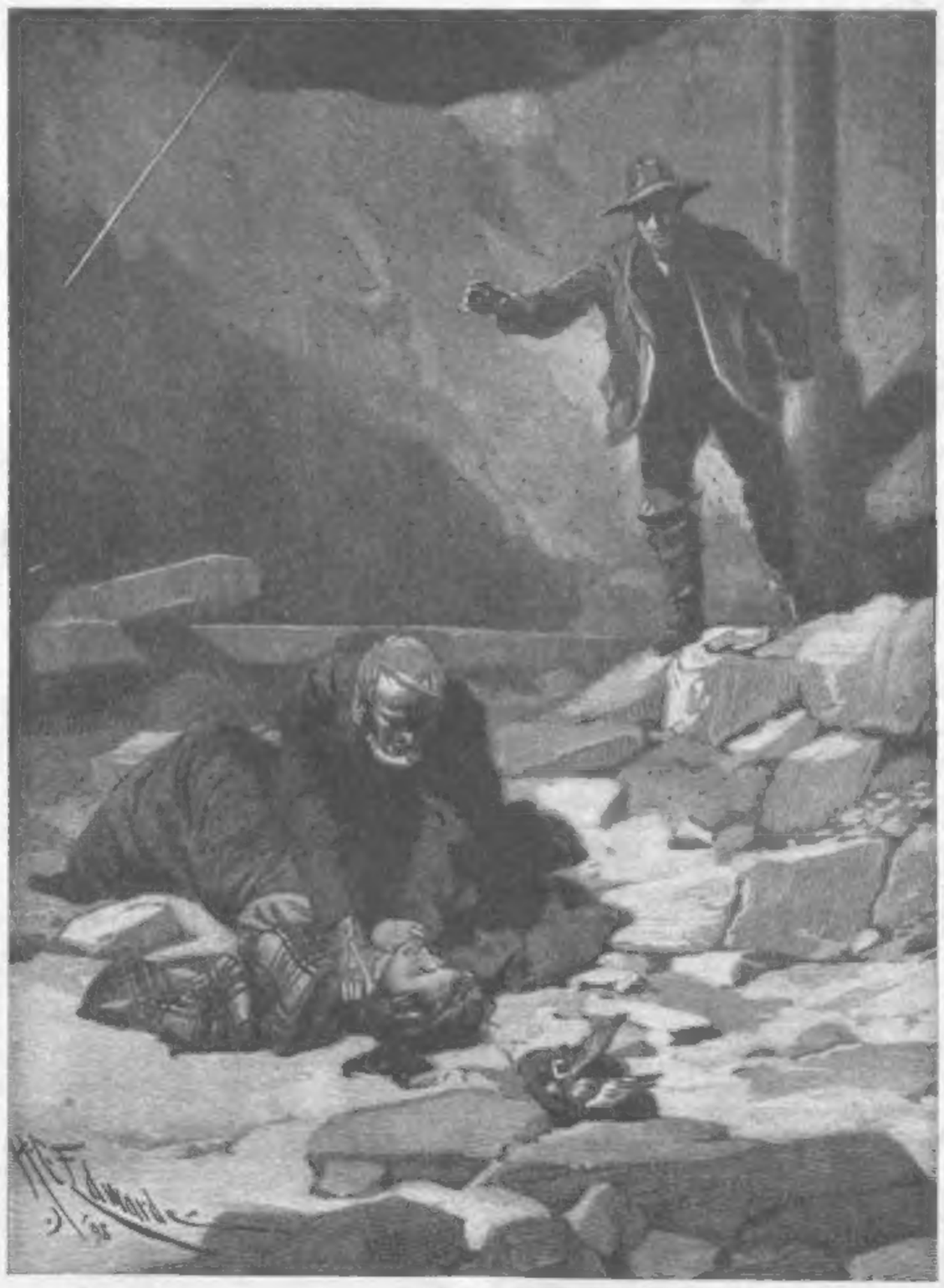
The feeble eyes that strained themselves to peer over into his face had an anxious look in them.

'Lisha only growled.

"'Pears like somethin' was wrong with you," persisted the woman.

"Wrong! There's wrong enough; more'n I mean to stand a week longer," broke out 'Lisha savagely.

"THE DEAD DON'T TELL NO TALES!"



—grumbling the while that he had to wait

"I've waited and waited, as patient as Job, for that Nathan Eaton to pay, and I'm no nearer. He thinks he can git the best of me. I'll show him, the old thief!"

"Nathan Eaton's a better man than you!"

Ezra stood within the door, his eyes fixed on 'Lisha. There were danger signals in his face, signals that the eyes of the mother read at a glance.

"Is that you, Ezra? Ain't you 'most through?" She spoke eagerly, trying to avert the coming storm. She was too late. It had already gathered force.

"Better'n me, is he?" 'Lisha sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing. "I tell you, he's a thief!" he shouted. "As for you, you'd welcome all the thieves in the country if they was any kin to that fool of a girl. I'd 'a' had more grit at your age than to hang 'round a girl that didn't think no more of me than to go and marry the first feller that up and asked her. You're a fool to hev anything to say to her. I tell you this, my fine feller, I'll git even with the old man yet, even if I am a worse man than Nathan Eaton."

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He tramped out of the room, pushing roughly past the young man, and slamming the door behind him. Ezra turned sharply, as if to follow.

"Don't go, Ezra! He's dreadful ugly when he's mad." The voice was entreating.

The young man stood irresolute. 'Lisha's words had roused the passion in him. It was not enough that Elsie was not for him, but the old man must taunt him with his love for her. Nathan Eaton and 'Lisha Slocum had never got on together. Elsie's father was a shrewd man, and 'Lisha had never yet got the best of him. Therefore 'Lisha hated him. Ezra would have liked to follow his stepfather, and do a little plain speaking, but the wistful eyes that looked at him so full of pain had a compelling effect. He crossed over to the bed.

"Don't you fret," he said. "I ain't a-goin' near him. 'Tain't no good."

"No, 'tain't," said the woman. "He don't mean more'n half he says."

She looked up at the big son towering over her, and smiled.

"He might be worse," she said, a statement which her son judged it wiser to leave unchallenged.

He sat down by the fire, and stared at the small lamp. 'Lisha thought its light an unnecessary waste.

"We ain't nothin' to do evenin's," he was wont to say. "It's only fools 'ud want to set up jest to burn cordwood and kerosene."

The tired eyes over on the other side of the room had closed, and the mother was asleep when Ezra rose cautiously and went out. His feet unconsciously turned toward the mountain road that led to the old quarry and the house where Elsie lived.

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The hopelessness of all things was weighing upon Ezra. He felt as if he would end it,—make a future for himself. It could be done. His arm was as strong as any other man's, but then,—there was his mother. Ezra was too big and strong to leave anything helpless unaided, and besides, he loved his mother. 'Lisha Slocum had a powerful hold on this big son so long as the feeble little woman was there.

The mountain road was not dark to-night. The girl who walked by the edge of the old quarry never thought of being afraid. Why should she? She had returned from the village to her father's house a dozen times when it was later than this. Moreover, the moon was shining.

Elsie Beverly's thoughts were not of the quarry, nor of the packet she carried in her pocket, though that contained the three months' income she had to-day journeyed to the nearest town to fetch. Charlie Beverly had left his young wife well provided for.

"Fifty dollars a month that nobody can take away from her," announced Elsie's mother, when Charlie's widow came back to the old home.

Elsie's thoughts were not of the money to-night. As she passed the Slocum farm the broad shoulders of the young man had been seen within the door of the barn. Ezra's eyes had been turned toward the lighted space within, or Ezra's body would have veered round fast enough as that light step passed. The sight of the shoulders had given a new bent to Elsie's thoughts, and she walked on without noting that her feet lingered.

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There was one behind who noticed. The distance between him and the girl had grown less as they rounded the quarry. 'Lisha Slocum's thoughts were not so fully occupied as Elsie's. That was why he saw a packet drop from her pocket as she drew out her handkerchief, and that was why his feet went swiftly forward, with an attempt at noiselessness.

He had a considerable distance to travel before he reached that packet lying white in the road. The drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he strove to unite speed with quietness. 'Lisha Slocum was not renowned for noiselessness of movement.

He knew what was in the packet, and the miser's heart within him jumped in anticipation of the joy of wrapping his fingers about it and hiding it in his pocket.

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The distance of 'Lisha Slocum from that packet in the road was exactly equal to the distance of the girl from the same spot, when Elsie's hand went again into her pocket, and she came to a stand, with an exclamation of fear. Then she turned, espied the packet, and began to run. The old man had the advantage of nearness now, but the girl that of speed. 'Lisha flung himself along the road with a reckless disregard for consequences, and Elsie bounded like the young thing she was. They came upon it both together. 'Lisha was sprawling in the road, clutching the packet, and the fingers of the girl held one corner.

"'Lisha Slocum, that's mine; I dropped it," she said breathlessly.

"It's mine. I was comin' back to fetch it," he gasped.

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She stared at him incredulously.

"Why, it's the packet I brought from Bordentown," she said. "It's got my money for the last three months in it. You can open it and see."

His eyes fairly gleamed in the moonlight.

"I don't need to open it," he said doggedly. "'Tain't yours, 'cause it's mine."

"But—you're not going to keep it," she protested. "You look inside, and see whether I'm not telling you the truth. It has a hundred and fifty dollars in it."

"I know it; I put it there," said 'Lisha, tightening his hold on the packet.

The girl looked at him for a minute in silence. Then she made a sudden movement and almost recovered the packet. Almost; not quite. 'Lisha Slocum sprang to his feet. There was a sharp struggle for the possession of the treasure. Elsie did not know how near her feet were to the edge of the quarry.

"'Lisha Slocum, I tell you——"

The sentence was never finished. She went over with a cry of fear, clutching, as she fell, at the coat of the old man. And then, as if to make matters even, a stone beneath 'Lisha Slocum's feet gave way, and both went down together.

It was very still down there in the old quarry that night before the New Year. A rat ran out of a hole, and peeped at the two silent figures, and ran in again, and a tiny stream trickled past and soaked the edge of the girl's skirts. In the fall she had relaxed her grasp of the man's coat, but the old man had not loosed his grip on the packet.

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The moon climbed high, while the two figures lay there so close together that the eyes of the one could have looked into those of the other if both pairs had not been closed.

One pair opened at last, and 'Lisha Slocum raised himself on one elbow and looked about him, peering into the face so near his own.

"She's dead!"

The words came in a hoarse whisper. They matched the horror in 'Lisha's eyes. Then he gradually became conscious of the packet in his hand. He clutched it afresh.

"She's dead, and the dead don't tell no tales," he said, and this time his voice was louder and less fearful. There was satisfaction in it, and the satisfaction struggled with the horror.

"It was her own fault. I never done nothin'," he continued, in an argumentative tone. "She pulled me down here, and nearly broke every bone in my body. 'Tain't but half enough to pay me for that, let alone the ten dollars her old dad owes me."

Then 'Lisha staggered to his feet, and felt himself over.

"There ain't no bones broke," he said. "I'd be in a bad case if there was. Folks might mistrust."

He looked again at the still face. "'Twarn't my fault," he asserted a second time, as if the closed lips had accused him. He was shaking from head to foot, partly from the effect of the fall, but more from fear and horror.

"I didn't kill her!" He looked about him defiantly. The white face of the rock stared back at him. "Better git away and leave her. Somebody'll find her, come mornin'," he said nervously.

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He turned to go, but the fascination exerted by that white, still face drew his gaze back to it. Then he uttered a cry. The eyes were looking at him.

He came a step nearer. There was a movement of the figure, as if it would shrink away from him. That movement showed 'Lisha Slocum the light in which she viewed him. The dead tell no tales, but this girl was not dead. No use hurrying away now. The constable would be on his track before morning. What for? He could give her back her money. Then who could say aught against him?

The argument was not sound, and he knew it. Also, his fingers closed tighter about that packet. Money was the dearest thing in the world to 'Lisha Slocum. Already he had come to look on this as his own. It would be a big wrench to part with it.

There was a sharp struggle for the possession of the treasure

"'Lisha Slocum!"

The whisper was faint. He moved backward to get away from the sound of it.

"'Lisha Slocum, you used to be an honest man. That money don't belong to you."

The words had a strangely exasperating effect. 'Lisha stood for a minute glaring at the speaker. The next he was kneeling beside her, but the hands that touched the girl's throat were not there to aid in her recovery.

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"The dead don't tell no tales!" That was what was ringing in 'Lisha's ears, and repeating itself over and over in his brain.

"The dead don't tell no tales!"

The words found voice, instead of ringing through his brain.

"No, but the livin' do!"

A hand strong as iron gripped 'Lisha's collar and hurled him across the quarry. The violence of the blow stunned him.

"Stay where you are, and don't dare to stir a finger," shouted the strong, young voice. "If you do it'll be worse for you. You've killed her!"

The intensity of passion in the tone compelled obedience. The old man lay where he fell, but he did not obey the injunction literally. One hand crept stealthily to his pocket. When it came out again it was empty.

"Elsie! Little Elsie!"

Ezra's arm was under the girl's head. His hand reached out to where the stream trickled, and came back with water to moisten her lips; then he bathed her white, set face with the cool water.

"Elsie, I'd 'a' given my life for you, and now——"

The young voice broke in a sob, and Ezra turned his head away. When he brought it back it was to see the white lips quivering, and the eyes looking into his.

"Elsie! My darling! I thought you was dead."

"Did you care?"

The whisper would have reached no ear that was not very close. Ezra's was close. His lips answered, but not in words.

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It may have been the water, or it may have been the pressure of those lips, but the color came back to Elsie's face.

"Are you much hurt, dear? Can you bear to be carried up?" he asked.

"Yes, if you carry me."

Again the answer was wordless.

"How was it?" he asked, caressing the small hand with his rough one.

She shuddered and glanced across the quarry. Ezra turned.

"Git up and come here," he ordered sharply.

"How'm I to git up when you've nearly broke every bone in my body?" said the old man. He drew a few steps nearer, nevertheless.

"He took my money," said Elsie, her voice gaining strength as she spoke. "I dropped it, and he said it was his."

"It's not true!" said the old man, but the words came in uncertain, quavering tones.

The hand of the younger man was on his collar before he had done speaking.

"Don't, Ezra!" It was Elsie's voice.

"Give her back her money."

"It ain't hers."

"Give it back!"

The shaking fingers went into the pocket, but they stayed there. They were simply unable to give up the packet. It was tearing the life from the heart of 'Lisha Slocum to part with money, and he had already come to regard this as his own.

"Give it up, I say."

"Stop, Ezra," said Elsie. There was a light in the girl's eyes, a strange excitement that burned like fever.

"Ezra, I'm going to make my own terms with him," she said, her voice growing strong with a stern purpose. "'Lisha Slocum," she added, "you stole my money."

"I didn't," interrupted the old man.

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"Shut up!" ordered Ezra sharply.

"You stole it, and you pushed me over the quarry.—be quiet, Ezra!" she interposed,—"and when I was coming to, you got down on your knees and choked me nearly to death. You tried your best to kill me."

"'Lisha Slocum," continued the girl, "this will mean State's prison for you for the rest of your life."

"You ain't goin' to put me there." His voice was shaky. 'Lisha's nerves were not as strong as usual, and there was something in the girl's voice that frightened him.

"Yes, I am."

"You won't. You think too much of him to do it."

"I'll—put—you—in the State's prison—as soon as the law can do it."

The words were slow and firm. The old man's legs trembled more painfully, and his tanned face became livid with the dread which grew upon him as she spoke.

"You can't."

"If she don't, I will."

Ezra's tone was fierce. For the moment he meant every word he said.

"There's only one thing can save you from the State's prison," said the girl.

"What is it?" asked the old man tremulously.

"Make over your farm and everything on it to Ezra. He's earned it, and more than

"Elsie, how soon shall I take you to it?"

half the money you bought it with belonged to his father. Go to Lawyer Jones and have it done legally. If not, you go to prison."

He stood and stared at her.

"Will you do it?" she asked.

"You're jokin'," he said, trying to laugh.

"As much as you were when your fingers were at my throat," she said.

The old face wore a hunted look.

"Will you do it?" repeated the girl.

"I dunno."

"Take him to Constable Willis," said Elsie, turning to Ezra. "And call in and send my father here. If I die, it's hanging, 'Lisha Slocum."

Ezra felt the quiver that ran through the old man.

"He can hev the farm."

"You'll keep to it?"

"I'll keep to it. He can hev it,—sure."

"It's no use trying to escape," she said. "If you do you will be brought back, and the law will take its course." Then her tone changed. "Be a father to Ezra, and a husband to your wife," she continued, "and nobody shall ever hear a word of this. The money you may keep."

Her lips had grown white again.

"Elsie! You're not dyin'?"

The strong young arms shook as they bore her to her father's house. She roused herself to explain that she fell over the quarry and Ezra found her.

Was it the Ezra of the early evening who later stood by the bedside and looked down at the face, white and weak now, with all the excitement and determination gone from it? His own was alight with love.

"Elsie, is it true," he whispered, "that you are mine? I've wanted you so long. I wonder you can care, after—what he done."

"You goose! I don't care,—not for 'Lisha Slocum," she said. "Did he go to Lawyer Jones? Is the transfer made?"

"Yes; the farm's mine now. And, Elsie, here's your money." He put the packet on the bed.

"I don't want it. I'm only glad the home is yours,—yours and your mother's."

"Elsie, how soon shall I take you to it?"

She laughed a little weak, happy laugh.

"The doctor says there's no great harm done. I shall be well in a week. Then—we can talk about it."

"Thank God!"

The young man raised his eyes reverently. And from without the house came the jangling peal of a cracked bell. It was the welcoming of the New Year. A softer light came into the young man's eyes.

"It is my first happy New Year, and the first time I ever felt like givin' thanks in my life," he said, and she smiled her answer.

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THE MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC. *Pictures by* HARRISON FISHER

As if by instinct the gun sprang up to adjust its sight to his eager gaze

Chapter VII

THE experiences of the breakfast-room were very agreeable, indeed. Thorpe found himself the only man present, and, after the first few minutes of embarrassment at this discovery, it filled him with surprised delight to note how perfectly he was at his ease. He could never have imagined himself seated with four ladies at a table,—three of them, moreover, ladies of title,—and doing it all so well.

For one thing, the ladies themselves had a morning manner, so to speak, which differed widely from the impressions he had had of their deportment the previous evening. They seemed now to be as simple and fresh and natural as the unadorned frocks they wore. They listened with an air of good-fellowship to him when he spoke; they smiled at the right places; they acted as if they liked him, and were glad of his company.

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The satisfied conviction that he was talking well, and behaving well, accompanied him in his progress through the meal. His confession, at the outset, of his great hunger, and of the sinister apprehensions which had assailed him in his loitering walk about the place, proved a most fortuitous beginning; after that, they were ready to regard everything he said as amusing.

"Oh, when we're by ourselves," the kindly little old hostess explained to him, "my daughter and I breakfast always at nine. That was our hour yesterday morning, for example. But when my son is here, then it's farewell to regularity. We put breakfast back till ten, then, as a kind of compromise between our own early habits and his lack of any sort of habits. Why we do it I couldn't say, because he never comes down in any event. He sleeps so well at Hadlow,—and, you know, in town he sleeps very ill, indeed,—and so we don't dream of complaining because breakfast is delayed. We're only too glad,—for his sake."

*

"And Balder," commented the sister, "he's as bad the other way. He gets up at some unearthly hour, and has his tea and a sandwich from the still-room, and goes off with his rod or his gun, or the dogs, and we never see him till luncheon."

"I've been on the point of asking so many times," Miss Madden interposed,—"is Balder a family name, or is it after the Viking in Matthew Arnold's poem?"

"It was his father's choice," Lady Plowden made answer. "I think the Viking explanation is the right one,—it certainly isn't in either family. I can't say that it attracted me much at first, you know."

"Oh, but it fits him so splendidly," said Lady Cressage. "He looks the part, as they say. I always thought it was the best of all the soldier names, and you have only to look at him to see that he was predestined for a soldier from his cradle."

"I wish the Sandhurst people would have a good long look at him, then," put in the mother with earnestness underlying the jest of her tone. "The poor boy will never pass those exams in the world. It is ridiculous, as his father always said. If there ever was a man who was made for a soldier, it's Balder. He's a gentleman, and he's connected by tradition with the Army, and he's mad about everything military, and surely he's as clever as anybody else at everything except that wretched matter of books, and even there it's only a defect of memory,—and yet that suffices to prevent his serving his Queen. And all over England there are young gentlemen like that, the very pick of the hunting-fields, strong and brave as lions, fit to lead men anywhere, the very men England wants to have fighting her battles, and they can't get places in the Army because,—what was it Balder came to grief over last time?—because they can't remember whether it's Ispahan or Teheran that's the capital of Persia.

"They are the fine old sort that would go and capture both places at the point of the bayonet, and find out their names afterward, but it seems that's not what the Army wants nowadays. What is desired now is superior clerks and secretaries and professors of languages,—and much good they will do us when the time of trouble comes!"

"Then you think the purchase system was better?" asked the American lady. "It always seemed to me that that must have worked curiously sometimes."

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"Prefer it?" said Lady Plowden. "A thousand times yes! My husband made one of the best speeches in the debate on it,—one, do I say?—first and last, he must have made a dozen of them. If anything could have kept the House of Lords firm in the face of the wretched Radical outcry it would have been those speeches. He pointed out all the evils that would follow the change. You might have called it prophetic, the way he foresaw what would happen to Balder,—or not Balder in particular, of course, but that whole class of young gentlemen.

"As he said, you have only to ask yourself what kind of people the lower classes naturally look up to and obey and follow. Will they be ordered about by a man simply because he knows Greek and Latin and Hebrew? Do they respect the village schoolmaster, for example, on account of his learning? Not in the very slightest! On the contrary, they regard him with the greatest contempt. The man they will serve is the man whose birth gives him the right to command them, or else the man with money in his pockets to make it worth their while to obey him. These two are the only leaders they understand. And if that's true here in England, in times of peace, among our own people, how much truer must it be of our soldiers, away from England, in a time of war?"

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"But, mamma," the Honorable Winifred intervened, "don't you see how badly that might work nowadays? now that the good families have so very little money, and all the fortunes are in the hands of stock-jobbing people,—and so on? It would be their sons who would buy all the commissions, and I'm sure Balder wouldn't get on at all with that lot."

Lady Plowden answered with decision and great promptness. "You see so little of the world, Winnie, dear, that you don't get very clear ideas of its movements. The people who make fortunes in England are every whit as important to its welfare as those who inherit names, and individually I'm sure they are often much more deserving. Every generation sniffs at its *nouveau* riches, but by the next they have become merged in the aristocracy. It isn't a new thing in England at all. It has always been that way. Two-thirds of the peerage have their start from a wealthy merchant, or some other person who made a fortune. They are really the backbone of England. You should keep that always in mind."

"Of course, I see what you mean," Winnie replied, her dark cheek flushing faintly under the tacit reproof. She had passed her twenty-fifth birthday, but her voice had in it the docile self-repression of a schoolgirl. She spoke with diffident slowness, her gaze fastened upon her plate. "Of course, my grandfather was a lawyer, and your point is, that merchants and others who make large fortunes would be the same."

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"Precisely," said Lady Plowden. "And do tell us, Mr. Thorpe,"—she turned toward where he sat at her right, and beamed at him over her spectacles, with the air of having been wearied with a conversation in which he bore no part,—"is it really true that social discontent is becoming more marked in America, even, than it is with us in England?"

"I'm not an American, you know," he reminded her. "I only know one or two sections of the country, and those only as a stranger. You should ask Miss Madden."

"Me?" said Cella. "Oh, I haven't come up for my examinations yet. I'm like Balder; I'm preparing."

"What I should like Mr. Thorpe to tell us," suggested Lady Cressage mildly, "is about the flowers in the tropics,—in Java, for example, or some of the West Indies. One hears such marvelous tales about them."

"Speaking of flowers,"—Thorpe suddenly decided to mention the fact,—"I met out in one of the greenhouses here this morning an old acquaintance of mine, the gardener, Gafferson. The last time I saw him he was running the worst hotel in the world in the worst country in the world,—out in British Honduras."

"But he's a wonderful gardener," said Lady Cressage. "He's a magician; he can do what he likes with plants. It's rather a hobby of mine,—or used to be,—and I never saw his equal as a gardener."

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Thorpe told them about Gafferson, in that forlorn environment on the Belize road, and his success in making them laugh drew him on to other pictures of the droll side of life among the misfits of adventure. The ladies visibly dallied over their teacups to listen to him; the charm of having them all to himself, and of holding them in interested entertainment by his discourse,—these ladies of supremely refined associations and position,—seemed to provide an inspiration of its own. He could hear that his voice was automatically modulating itself to their critical ears.

His language was producing itself with as much delicacy of selection as if it came out of a book, and yet preserving the savor of quaint, outlandish idiom which his listeners clearly liked. Upon the instant when Lady Plowden's gathering of skirts and glance across the table warned him that they were to rise, he said deliberately to himself that this had been the most enjoyable episode of his whole life.

There were cigar boxes on the fine old oak mantel out in the hall, and Winnie indicated them to him with the obvious suggestion that he was expected to smoke. He looked her over as he lit his cigar,—where she stood spreading her hands above the blaze of the logs, and concluded that she was much nicer upon acquaintance than he had thought.

*

Her slight figure might not be beautiful, but beyond doubt its lines were ladylike. The same extenuating word applied itself in his mind to her thin and swarthy, though distinguished, features. They bore the stamp of caste, and so did the way she looked at one through her eyeglasses, from under those over-heavy, black eyebrows, holding her head a little to one side. Though it was easy enough to guess that she had a spirit of her own, her gentle, almost anxious, deference to her mother had clearly shown that she had it under most admirable control.

Her features bore the stamp of caste, and so did the way she looked at one through her eyeglasses

He had read about her in a peerage at his sister's bookshop the previous day. Unfortunately, it did not give her age, but that was not so important, after all. She was styled "Honorable." She was the daughter of one Viscount and the sister of another. Her grandfather had been an Earl, and the book had shown her to possess a bewildering number of relationships among titled folk. All this was very interesting to him, and, also, somewhat suggestive. Vague, shapeless

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the Post for December 17, 1898.

hints at projects rose in his brain as he looked at her and remembered the peerage.

"I'm afraid you think my brother has odd notions of entertaining his guests," she remarked to him, over her shoulder. The other ladies had not joined them.

"Oh, I'm all right," he protested cordially. "I should hate to have him put himself out in the slightest." Upon consideration he added: "I suppose he has given up the idea of shooting to-day?"

"I think not," she answered. "The keeper was about this morning, that is,—and he doesn't often come unless they are to go out with the guns. I suppose you are fond of shooting?"

"Well, I've done some, in my time," Thorpe replied cautiously. It did not seem necessary to explain that he had yet to fire his first gun on English soil. "It's a good many years," he went on, "since I had the time and opportunity to do much at it. I think the last shooting I did was alligators. You hit 'em in the eye, you know. But what kind of a hand I shall make of it with a shotgun I haven't the least idea. Is the shooting round here pretty good?"

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"I don't think it's anything remarkable. Plowden says my brother Balder kills all the birds off every season. Balder's by way of being a crack shot, you know. There are some pheasants, though. We saw them flying when we were out this morning."

Thorpe wondered if it would be possible to consult her upon the question of apparel. Clearly, he ought to make some difference in his garb, yet the mental vision of himself in those old Mexican clothes revealed itself now as ridiculously impossible. He must have been out of his mind to have conceived anything so preposterous as rigging himself out, among these polished people, like a veritable cowpuncher down on his luck.

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"I wonder when your brother will expect to start," he began uneasily. "Perhaps I ought to go and get ready."

"Ah, here comes his man," she said.

A round-faced, smooth-mannered youngster,—whom Thorpe discovered to be wearing cord breeches and leather leggins as he descended the stairs,—advanced toward him, and prefaced his message by the invariable salutation. "His Lordship will be down, sir, in ten minutes, and he hopes you'll be ready, sir," the valet said.

"Send Pangbourn to this gentleman's room," Miss Winnie bade him, and with a gesture of comprehensive submission he went away. The calm readiness with which she had provided a solution for his difficulties impressed Thorpe greatly. It would never have occurred to him that Pangbourn was the answer to the problem of his clothes, yet how obvious it had been to her. These old families did something more than fill their houses with servants; they mastered the art of making these servants an integral part of the machinery of existence. Fancy having a man to do all your thinking about clothes for you, and then dress you into the bargain. Oh, really, it was all splendid!

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"It seems that we're going shooting," Thorpe found himself explaining, a few moments later in his bedroom, to the attentive Pangbourn. He decided to throw himself with frankness upon the domestic's resourceful good-feeling. "I haven't brought anything for shooting, at all. Somehow, I got the idea we were going to do rough riding instead, and so I fetched along some old Mexican riding-clothes that make me feel more at home in the saddle than anything else would. You know how fond a man gets of old, loose things like that. But about this shooting,—I want you to fix me out. What do I need? Just some breeches and leggins, I suppose, eh? You can manage them for me, can't you, my man?"

Pangbourn could and did, and it was upon his advice that the Mexican jacket was utilized to complete the outfit. Its shape was beyond doubt uncommon, but it had big pockets, and it looked like business. Thorpe, as he glanced up and down his image in the tall mirror of the wardrobe, felt that he must kill a large number of birds to justify the effect of pitiless proficiency which this jacket lent to his appearance.

"YOU SEE SO LITTLE OF THE WORLD WINNIE, DEAR, THAT YOU DON'T GET VERY CLEAR IDEAS OF ITS MOVEMENTS"

"We will find a cap below, sir," Pangbourn announced with serenity, and Thorpe, who had been tentatively fingering the big, flaring sombrero, suddenly thrust it back upon its peg as if it had proved too hot for him to handle.

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Downstairs in the hall there was more waiting to be done, and there was nobody now to bear him company. He lit another cigar, tried on various caps till he found a leathern one to suit him, and then dawdled about the room and the adjoining conservatory for what seemed to him more than half an hour. This phase of the aristocratic routine, he felt, did not commend itself so warmly to him as did some others. Everybody else, however, seemed to regard it as so wholly a matter of course that Plowden should do as he liked, that he forebore formulating a complaint, even to himself.

At last, this nobleman's valet descended the stairs once more. "His Lordship will be down very shortly now, sir," he declared; "and will you be good enough to come into the gunroom, sir, and see the keeper?"

Thorpe followed him through a doorway under the staircase,—the existence of which he had not suspected,—into a bare-looking apartment fitted like a pantry, with shelves. After the semi-gloom of the hall it was almost glaringly lighted. The windows and another door opened, he saw, upon a court connected with the stable-yard. By this entrance, no doubt, had come the keeper, a small, brown-faced, brown-clothed man of mature years, with the strap of a pouch over his shoulder, who stood looking at the contents of the shelves. He mechanically saluted Thorpe in turn, and then resumed his occupation. There were numerous guncases lying on the lower shelf, and many boxes and bags piled up above.

"Did His Lordship say what gun?" the keeper demanded of the valet. He had a bright-eyed, intent glance, and his tone conveyed a sense of some broad, impersonal, out-of-doors disdain for liveried house-men.

The valet, standing just behind Thorpe, shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

"Do you like an 'ammerless, sir?" The keeper turned inquiringly to Thorpe.

To his intense humiliation, Thorpe could not make out the meaning of the query. "Oh, anything'll do for me," he said, awkwardly smiling. "It's years since I've shot. I dare say one gun'll be quite the same as another to me."

He felt the knowing bright eyes of the keeper taking all his measurements as a sportsman. "You'd do best with 'B,' sir, I fancy," the functionary decided at last, and his way of saying it gave Thorpe the notion that "B" must be the weapon that was reserved for schoolboys.

He watched the operation of putting the gun together, and then took it, and laid it over his arm, and followed the valet out into the hall again, in dignified silence. To the keeper's remark: "Mr. Balder has its mate with him to-day, sir," he gave only a restrained nod in reply.

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There were even now whole minutes to wait before Lord Plowden appeared. He came down the stairs then with the brisk, rather impatient air of a busy man whose plans are embarrassed by the unpunctuality of others. He was fully attired,—hob-nailed shoes, leggins, leather coat and cap, gloves, scarf round his throat and all,—and he behaved as if there was not a minute to lose. He had barely time to shake perfunctorily the hand Thorpe offered him, and utter a rather absent-minded "How are you this morning?"

To the valet, who hurried forward to open the outer door, bearing his master's gun and a camp-stool, he said reproachfully, "We are very late to-day, Barnes." They went out, and began striding down the avenue of trees at such a pace that the keeper and his following of small boys and dogs, who joined them near the road, were forced into a trot to keep up with it.

Thorpe had fancied, somehow, that a day's shooting would afford exceptional opportunities for quiet and intimate talk with his host, but he perceived very soon that this was not to be the case. They walked together for half a mile, it is true, along a rural by-road first, and then across some fields, but the party was close at their heels, and Plowden walked so fast that conversation of any sort, save an occasional remark about the birds and the covers between him and the keeper, was impracticable. The Honorable Balder suddenly turned up in the landscape, leaning against a gate set in a hedge row, and their course was deflected toward him; but even when they came up to him, the expedition seemed to gain nothing of a social character. The few curt words that were exchanged, as they halted here to distribute cartridges and hold brief consultation, bore exclusively upon the subject in hand.

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The keeper assumed now an authority which Thorpe, breathing heavily over the unwonted exercise, and hoping for nothing so much as that they would henceforth take things easy, thought intolerable. He was amazed that the two brothers should take without cavil the arbitrary orders of this elderly peasant.

He bade Lord Plowden proceed to a certain point in one direction, and that nobleman, followed by his valet with the gun and the stool, set meekly off without a word. Balder, with equal docility, vaulted the gate, and moved away down the lane at the bidding of the keeper. Neither of them had intervened to mitigate the destiny of their guest, or displayed any interest as to what was going to become of him.

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Thorpe said to himself that he did not like this; and though afterward, when he had also climbed the gate and taken up his station under a clump of trees at the autocrat's behest, he strove to soothe his ruffled feelings by the argument that it was probably the absolutely correct deportment for the shooting party, his mind remained unconvinced. Moreover, in parting from him, the keeper had dropped a blunt injunction about firing up or down the lane, the tone more than the matter of which nettled him.

To cap all, when he presently ventured to stroll about a little from the spot on which he had been planted, he caught a glimpse against the sky-line of the distant Lord Plowden, comfortably seated on the stool which his valet had been carrying. It seemed to Thorpe at that moment that he had never wanted to sit down so much before in his life, and he turned on his heel in the grass with a grunt of displeasure.

This mood vanished utterly a few moments later. The remote sounds had begun to come to him, of boys shouting and dogs barking, in the recesses of the strip of woodland which the lane skirted, and at these he hastened back to his post. It did not seem to him a good place, and when he heard the reports of guns to right and left of him, and nothing came his way, he liked it less than ever; it had become a matter of offended pride with him, however, to relieve the keeper of no atom of the responsibility he had taken upon himself. If Lord Plowden's guest had no sport, the blame for it should rest entirely upon Lord Plowden's overarrogant keeper.

Then a noise of a different sort assailed his ears, punctuated as it were by distant boyish cries of "Mark!" These cries, and the buzzing sound as of clockwork gone wrong, which they accompanied and heralded, became all at once a most urgent affair of his own. He strained his eyes upon the horizon of the thicket, and, as if by instinct, the gun sprang up to adjust its sight to his eager gaze, and followed automatically the thundering course of the big bird, and then, taking thought to itself, leaped ahead of it and fired. Thorpe's first pheasant reeled in the air, described a somersault, and fell like a plummet.

He stirred not a step, but reloaded the barrel with a hand shaking for joy. From where he stood he could see the dead bird; there could never have been a cleaner "kill."

In the warming glow of his satisfaction in himself there kindled a new liking of a

different sort for Plowden and Balder. He owed to them, at this belated hour in his life, a novel delight of indescribable charm. There came to him, from the woods, the shrill, bucolic voice of the keeper, admonishing a wayward dog. He was conscious of even a certain tenderness for this keeper, and again the cry of "Mark!" rose, strenuously addressed to him.

Half an hour later the wood had been cleared, and Thorpe saw the rest of the party assembling by the gate. He did not hurry to join them, but when Lord Plowden appeared he sauntered slowly over, gun on arm, with as indifferent an air as he could simulate. It pleased him tremendously that no one had thought it worth while to approach the rendezvous by way of the spot he had covered. His eye took instant stock of the game carried by two of the boys; their combined prizes were eight birds and a rabbit, and his heart leaped within him at the count.

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"Well, Thorpe?" asked Plowden pleasantly. The smell of gunpowder and the sight of stained feathers had coöperated to brighten and cheer his mood. "I heard you blazing away in great form. Did you get anything?"

Thorpe strove hard to give his voice a careless note. "Let some of the boys run over," he said slowly. "There are nine birds within sight, and there are two or three in the bushes,—but they may have got away."

"Gad!" said Balder.

"Magnificent!" was his brother's comment. And Thorpe permitted himself the luxury of a long-drawn, beaming sigh of triumph. The roseate coloring of this triumph seemed really to tint everything that remained of Thorpe's visit. He set down to it without hesitation the visible augmentation of deference to him among the servants. The temptation was very great to believe that it had affected the ladies of the house as well. He could not say that they were more gracious to him, but certainly they appeared to take him more for granted. In a hundred little ways he seemed to perceive that he was no longer held mentally at arm's length as a stranger to their caste. Of course, his own restored self-confidence could account for much of this, but he clung to the whimsical conceit that much was also due to the fact that he was the man of the pheasants.

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Sunday was bleak and stormy, and no one stirred out of the house. He was alone again with the ladies at breakfast, and during the long day he was much in their company. It was like no other day he had ever imagined to himself.

On the morrow, in the morning train by which he returned alone to town, his mind roved luxuriously among the fragrant memories of that day. He had been so perfectly at home,—and in such a home! There were some things which came uppermost again and again, but of them all he dwelt most fixedly upon the recollection of moving about in the greenhouses and conservatories, with that tall, stately, fair Lady Cressage for his guide, and watching her instead of the other flowers that she pointed out. Of what she had told him not a syllable stuck in his mind, but the music of the voice lingered in his ears.

"And she is old Kervick's daughter!" he said to himself more than once.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

—comfortably seated on the stool which his valet had been carrying

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By ANNA FARQUHAR *Pictures by* HENRY HUTT

FOURTEENTH CHAPTER

WHEN Doctor Layton reached his uncle's house, Christmas morning, there was no one stirring but Mrs. Dawson, the housekeeper, who had known him from boyhood, and enjoyed petting him still, as though he had not yet outgrown his roundabouts and short trousers. Being a distant connection, she was privileged to call him Everett, which she did as often as possible, sounding the family name, of which she was unduly proud, as if its distinction required brackets in the course of conversation for fear its full importance might not be conveyed. It is worth while to lend a family name some distinction, if only for the sake of poor relations, whose hardships are lightened by the mere pleasure of boasting their relationship.

"A Merry Christmas, Cousin Beulah!" Layton called out, as he opened the front door that morning and saw her descend the broad Colonial stairway at the moment of his entrance.

"Everett, is that you? Merry Christmas many times to you, my boy. We are glad, Everett, to know you have not failed us on this delightful occasion, when hearts are standing open to welcome those they love."

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"What a beautiful speech, cousin. I believe you had it all cut and dried with the rose leaves and lavender. I have a little remembrance in this bag for you. Shall we open it now or wait until breakfast time?"

"What a good boy you are, Everett! You never forget the elderly ladies even in the presence of young ones. Thank you gratefully. Put your remembrance beside my plate at breakfast, along with your uncle's gift, so that I may enjoy the remembrances together. All of the Everetts will be here for dinner. We have been making preparations for a week past."

"Bother the Everetts! Why didn't we have our dinner by ourselves? Professor Frèmont and his daughter are still here, aren't they?" looking up in some alarm.

"Yes, indeed, Everett, they are still here, but I consider them a depressing influence upon your uncle. The Professor's condition of health appears to be alarming, and his daughter is a very serious girl, who does not know how to make sunshine for old people, as you would in similar circumstances," she replied in the tone peculiar to those born to regulation as a mission.

"She has enough to make her serious. Don't judge harshly on Christmas Day, cousin. Remember, you promised me a year ago to-day that you would not pass criticism on a human being for one whole year. I wonder if you've kept your promise?"

"Harsh criticism was the agreement, Everett. It would be impossible not to recognize the faults of those about us." He laughed indulgently, and went upstairs to the room he knew was always ready for his coming.

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When the members of the household assembled in the dining-room they found him standing before the open fire humming an old-fashioned Christmas carol his mother had taught him. Louise had not known at what hour he would arrive, hence the almost imperceptible step backward she took, as if she would willingly run from his presence and influence when she recognized him standing there. He saw the movement, and his heart seemed to whirl downward. The atmosphere of good cheer he invariably bore with him enlivened the breakfast, which otherwise would have been too sorrow-ladened for the day belonging wholly to warm, merry and kind hearts.

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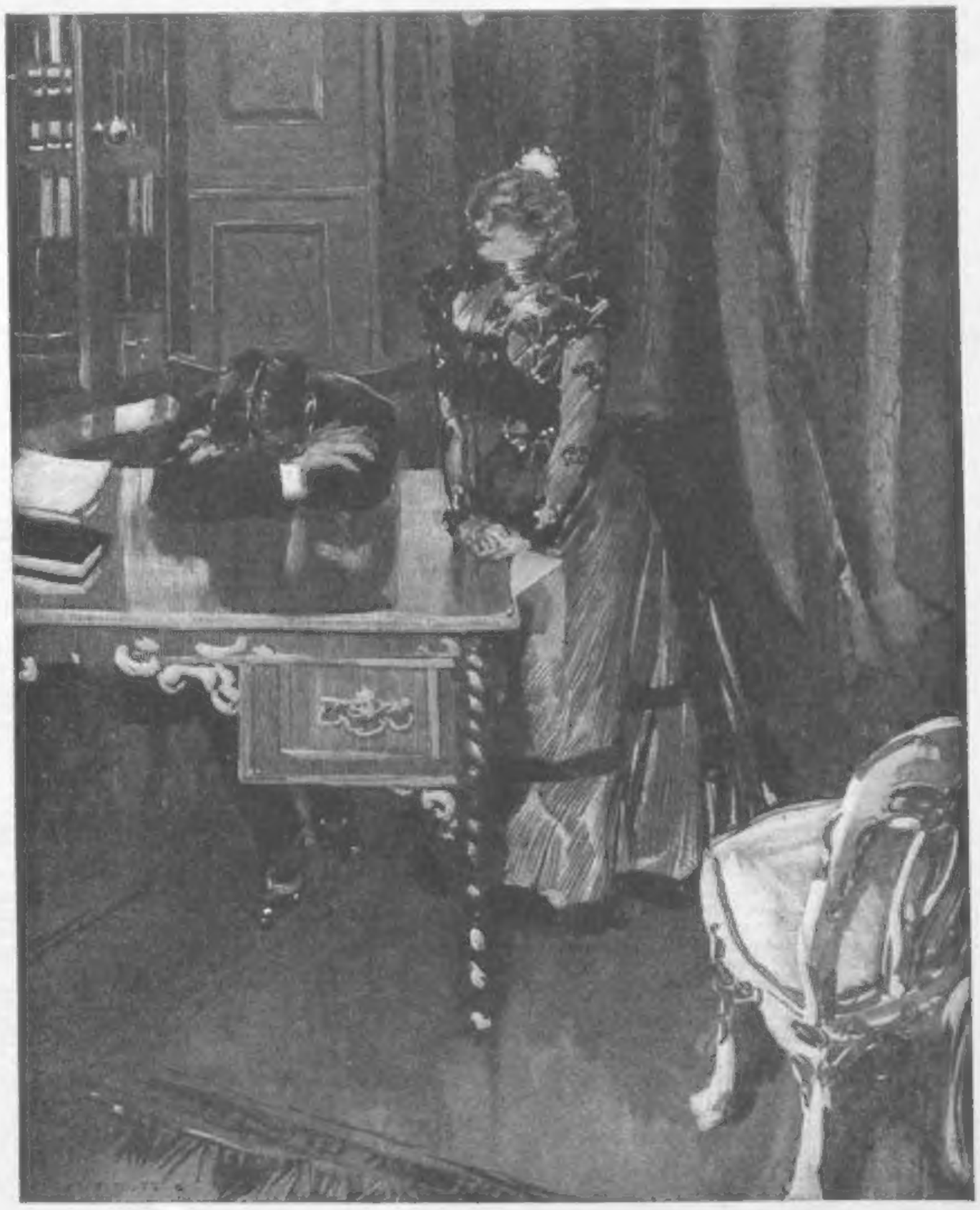
The Everett connections began to drop in soon after breakfast, with greetings and remembrances for Uncle Billy, and in consequence Layton had no opportunity to speak with Louise alone until late in the afternoon; at least, there was no opportunity that she would accept as such, for she persistently avoided him, seeking the society of the guests rather than his. Mr. Everett, in memory of family traditions and custom, illuminated his house with candles instead of gas on Christmas night. Two candles were burned in each window for the benefit of the wayfarer.

As the dusk came on Louise started out toward the dining-room, where she intended to assist Mrs. Dawson in making ready the dozens of candles required to light up the stately drawing-room and hall. Layton followed her into the hall, where he said as he came up with her, "Did you receive my letter?"

"Yes, Doctor Layton," she replied, walking on.

"Stop," he commanded. "I am not a man to be trifled with. That letter requires an answer. I presume you think you have given it by avoiding me all day. That does not satisfy me. Come into Uncle Billy's study. I am going to town as soon as the illumination is over, and the family dispersed; this is the last time I shall ever annoy you with my importunities if my

"IF A MAN IS TOO WEAK TO FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT HE IS TOO WEAK FOR ME TO RESPECT"



letter did not touch you, but I intend to have a verbal answer from you now."

"Don't be hard with me. I am trying to do what is best for both of us," she replied, preceding him into the room he indicated by holding back some hangings.

"Hard!" he laughed bitterly. "I hard with you! That is almost a joke, isn't it? What is your answer to my letter?" They stood confronting each other beside a library table on which Louise rested her hands as though she needed support.

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"You say you know what my answer is,—why do you ask? It is the same as I have given before."

"Then I am to understand that this is to be final,—that you decline to be my wife, even when you admit that you care for me?"

"Why will you persist? You understand without my going all over it again."

"Time has not softened you then, Louise? If that is so, you do not love me,—no woman who loved a man could condemn him as you do me unless he were a felon and a murderer. Certainly there would be no more certain way of making a bad man of me than by the course you are taking. If you loved me, your love would teach you this. Very well; I will go. You have humbled me to your satisfaction. I thought that the very atmosphere of Christmas would secure me my desire,—that the birthday of Him who forgave to the utmost limit of crime would move you in my behalf as no other day would. Oh, Louise! Louise! How can you be so hard,—so utterly unforgiving?"

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He threw himself into a chair beside the table and buried his face in his folded arms. The woman stood with her hands clasping each other nervously in front of her. The muscles of her entire body were rigid in sympathy with the struggle of her mind against the temptation of her affection. Suddenly she relaxed, and, like one seized with an inspiration, she walked over to his side and laid one hand on his shoulder. The Puritan broke the bonds of inheritance, surrendering to the spirit of compromise.

"Everett, I do love you, but I cannot be your wife now. If I am worth loving, I am also worth waiting for and living for. This Christ Day is also a day significant of self-sacrifice. If for one year you can live alone the life I would require of my husband, then I could trust you with my future; but if a man is too weak too fight for the right, he is too weak for me to respect."

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She hesitated, but he made no reply, and she continued, leaning over his bowed head: "The world does not count the vices of men as sins, but I do. Men and women are born equal in sin or righteousness, and I hold them equally responsible for their lives. If a man is lonely and desperate, he can turn to any degraded amusement with impunity, as a diversion of his mind; but let a woman try the same thing under the same circumstances, and what becomes of her?"

"I know all of these things, Louise," he replied, without looking up, "and what you say would be perfectly reasonable if the world weren't what it is; but men's and women's lives are not the same,—they never have been; they never will be. If all women took the stand you do, men would grow nearer your ideal of what they ought to be, but they don't take that stand any more than I love you according to some ideal or theory. I simply love you,—that is all——"

"Stop, Doctor Layton; I do not believe that. You ceased to care for Mrs. Layton because she fell below your standard."

"Yes; I suppose I did," he replied.

"Now listen to me for the last time. If the man I love is not my ideal when I find him, he must grow toward it if he wishes to claim me. If you continue to drink as much strong alcoholic stuff as thousands of American men do, with your nervous temperament and hard work you will be a wreck of yourself in another ten years. I have heard that physicians frequently go that way,—they take it to keep up their nerve. You know what I demand of you in all ways without my explaining. Besides,—Oh, Everett!—I could not be a burden to you! I forget, when I say these things and give you some hope, that I will be unfitted to be any man's wife. Don't ask me any more,—I am in such distress! My father's health is failing day by day. Uncle Billy and I are going to take him South if you think best. We have been waiting for the people to go to consult you about him. I'm growing to be so weak and cowardly at the thought of things. Try to forget me and let me go."

She sank down into a chair exhausted. Her physical weakness appealed to him at once. He got up hurriedly and walked over to her side, where, bending over her with tenderest solicitude, and taking one of her hands in his strong clasp, he said firmly:

"I will try to be the man you could love. It would be much easier with you than alone, but, as you say, love can conquer anything, and I hope it will conquer you yet. Do not be alarmed about your father. Take him South, and the change will do you all good. I will go back to my lonely life and wait for you. I cannot promise to do all that you ask of me any more than I could swear honestly to love you for a thousand years. I believe I would love you forever, and I believe I can live up to your requirements, but no human being is sufficiently infallible to swear to the future. You are not only fitted to be my wife, but even if you could never see again,—which you will,—no other woman could be so well fitted, because I love you, and love is the greatest thing. Come, I have been selfish in keeping you here. Come, we will go back to the rest."

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He raised her from the chair, slowly, by both hands. As they moved toward the door he stopped and said: "Louise, I have a demand to make, too. A man has some pride, you know. I cannot ask you this question again, but at any time you will come to me, or send me word, that I am wanted, I will go to you; but never so long as we live will I offer you again the highest gift in man's or woman's possession, risking another refusal. Will you promise to let me know if you are willing to take me as your husband, if, after a year, I feel that I have done my part and write you the words, 'I am ready?'"

"Yes, I promise, Everett, unless I have, through blindness, become useless to every one," she answered.

"That is not to be taken into consideration at all. I have told you how happy I should be in helping you carry the burden of those dark days, and you must take me at my word. Louise, will you kiss me good-by? Give me something by which to remember this Christmas Day happily,—there has been little enough, in all conscience."

—white and nervous, her teeth chattering slightly

"No," she replied, turning away from him. "I cannot do that again until we are sure of something. But I will give you a remembrance of me. Unfasten this old chain I wear wrapped around my arm so many times. It was my mother's. I only wear it on Christmas Day,—the day she died. I will put it in your vest pocket, right over your heart,—perhaps it will chain your impulses. Some people, I suppose, have to cling to something tangible,—I cling to abstract right."

"You are a stronger woman than I am a man, dearest," he murmured, holding his hands behind him as she dropped the chain into his vest pocket, then moved away from him with added color in her face.

"No, Everett; it is only that I have thought about things more than you have. You are impulsive, and act by impulse. I have been trained from childhood to think twice. Good-by, Everett; good-by. This is harder for me than you know. Go on out with your people, and let me stay here a few moments by myself. When I see my way to do it, I will come back to you and be your wife if you still feel that you want me."

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"I can't leave you here alone. Come, Louise," holding out his arms toward her. "Come with me now. How can I wait so long? Who knows what might happen in a year? Death might rob us of any later life together. One or the other of us might die."

"Let me be the one, then. You are of more use in the world than I. Go, Everett; go at once. I cannot bear this any longer. I am unutterably tired."

His arms dropped vacantly by his sides as he turned and left her with a barely audible "good-by."

She walked slowly across the room toward a couch. Her steps became unsteady, she clinched her hands and teeth. "What is happening to me?" she said aloud. "I must hold on or I shall fall down. My brain feels like wheels all turning different ways. I am completely worn out."

She moved waveringly near the couch, falling upon it almost unconscious. Every being has his or her own limit of endurance. The limit of her endurance had been reached; at least, it had unless nature would come to the rescue with nerve reinforcements.

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For a few moments she lay there in a collapsed condition. Presently she opened her eyes and struggled to her feet, but was compelled to sit down and wait for sufficient strength to help her back into the drawing-room. She heard Mr. Everett's voice calling along the hall, "Louie! Louie! Where are you? Come here, my dear!"

"Here I am, Uncle Billy," she replied, in an uncertain voice. "I'm here, in your study."

He followed the voice and found her resting in a rocking-chair, white and nervous, her teeth chattering slightly. "What is it, my child? What has happened? Are you ill?"

"I did not feel well, and came in here to rest a moment. I'm about right again now. Let us go back to the company."

"They have all gone, dear child. I'm sorry to see you so. Don't make an effort to come, but we want you to help decide about going South with your father. Everett says we ought to go."

"Yes, we will go as soon as possible," she replied more collectedly, rising stiffly. "I am rested now; let us go to them."

"Take my arm, Louie, child. You look all tuckered out, as Ol Peckham says. Do you really feel strong enough to move?"

"Oh, yes. I'm all right. Please don't mention this to the others. I have worried about things so much of late that I am growing a very baby. I hate myself for it!"

When they joined Doctor Layton and the Professor, the latter sat in a large arm-chair, looking as fatigued after the day's festivities as did his daughter.

"Well, Everett," said his uncle, as they entered the room. "It is decided. Louise says we will go immediately, and that means next week. Brace up, Tom, and have some style about you, as we used to say to Timmy Stratton after the red-headed Baker girl went back on him. You will be another man after we've been a few weeks at Los Angeles."

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"I hope so, Billy, and it will not be your fault if I am not," replied the Professor, looking at his friend with that glance of trust and mutual understanding they so frequently exchanged.

"Never say die until you hear the last trump, is my motto when my big toe gets on a gouty rampage," Mr. Everett returned, settling Louise in an easy-chair with pillows at her back. No woman ever had to turn her hand in her own service when Mr. Everett was at hand. He seemed to feel that his thwarted love and duty for one woman must be divided up among the many; however, he had always been diffusive in his attention to womankind.

"I am afraid I have heard the last trump blow my call, my friend," said Professor Fremont sadly.

"Nonsense! That was a tin horn blown by our neighbor's boy. Don't get any such Tom-nonsense into your head. That used to be a joke of ours, children. Tell him how much good the trip will do him, Everett."

They united in the attempt to cheer up the invalid, but this was a very difficult task; he had reached a stage of deep depression. However, Doctor Layton described the attractions of Los Angeles, and Louise forced herself into supporting him in the attempt to arouse her father, until, when the Professor expressed a desire to retire for the night, he seemed to have gained some confidence. Louise left the room with him after shaking hands with Layton in farewell.

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As she turned from her lover she made an almost imperceptible motion with one hand, indicating the chain he carried. He simply bowed his head, and stood in that attitude until she had left the room and longer, until Mr. Everett laid a hand on his arm. "Tell me all about it, Everett. Is Louise going to be my niece?"

"I don't know, uncle,—that depends upon me. I think love will help me to become the man she would marry, but no man knows his strength until he tries it. I cannot talk about it, Uncle Billy,—but that woman has grown to be my religion. What different creatures men would be if women were all high-minded! Good-by, Uncle Billy; Happy New Year to you! Take care of her for me until she will let me do it myself. She is the best woman I have ever known."

"Yes, she is a good girl, and I believe she loves you, Everett. I shall be very happy when she comes into the family. She is a girl who would not attract everybody, but those who love her, love her without stint. Take care of yourself, Everett, while we are away. No cocktails after breakfast, and whisky straight before an operation. Remember, boy, you can't stand up under it."

"I promise to remember, uncle. Don't worry. Good-by."

They stood shaking right hands, but with the back of his left Layton unconsciously touched his left vest pocket.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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TILL DEATH US PART

By DEAN STANLEY

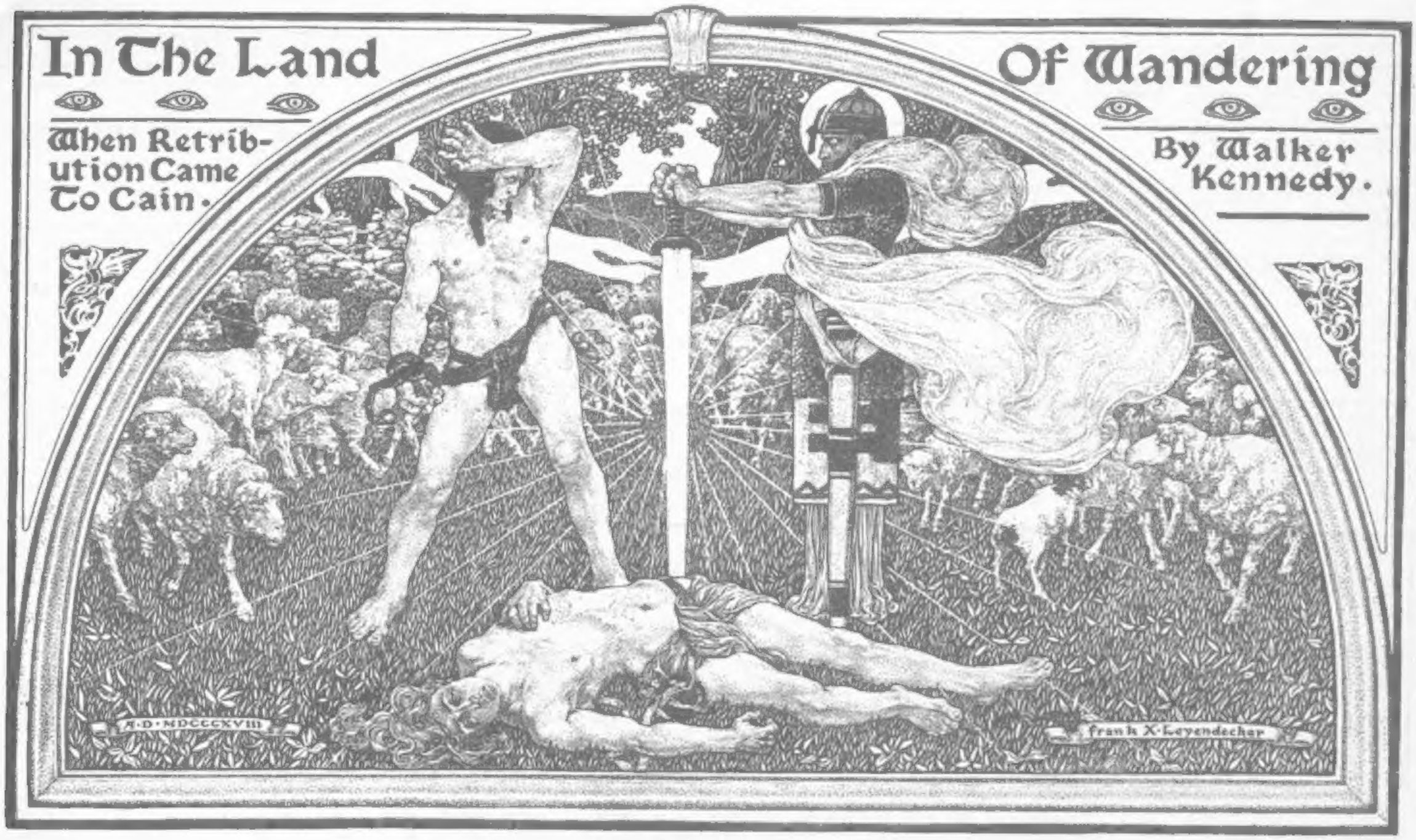
"TILL death us part,"
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one till that dread hour shall come.

Life with its myriad grasp
Our yearning soul shall clasp,
Aye, ceaseless love and still expectant wonder;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

"Till death us join,"
Oh, voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime
Through lonely hours,
And shattered powers,
We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band,
Which needs but that one link which none may sever.
Till, through the Only Good,
Heard, felt and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

—London Spectator.



CAIN brooded all the afternoon in the secluded hollow among the hills. Beside him lay his brother, so fair, so beautiful, so still that a wintry coldness crept through his own body at the thought of him. Sometimes an awe fell upon him at Abel's failure to answer his angry questions, and he grew wild at his obstinacy. But Abel would awake. He must awake. Cain would wait until speech came back to the bluish lips. And so he lingered, alternately thrilled with horror at the change he had wrought in his brother; then nervous with rage at the tender life he had so cruelly marred.

The sun sank toward the sky line. Its heat beat seethingly upon the rocks which walled the lonely glen. The sky above was lovingly blue. His brother's flocks grazed in peace upon the hillside, suspecting nothing. Back of the hills, the mountains lifted high their aerial diadems. The sun sank lower, and evening was coming on. How sad the motionless palm trees looked! Something was gone. He must awake his brother. Now that the madness had died out of him, his heart grew warm toward Abel. They would go home laughing together.

*

"Awake, my brother, awake," he said. "Why dost thou trouble me thus? I will never deal with thee so again. Come, I will help thee drive thy flock home. Be not so still, Abel, but let me hear thy laugh."

But the dead spake not. The blue eyes continued to look beyond him at the vacancy of the blue sky; and no tremor of life ran through the white limbs of the stricken man. Cain shook him gently, and then with passionate vigor. But the pallid body lay limp in his arms, and he knew that his brother had gone from himself, leaving but this silent semblance behind. But whither had he gone, and what was it that had gone? Fear entered his heart like a knife.

*

The sun was sunk low, burning its fires to a lambent blue the other side of the hills. The birds sang plaintively in the twilight; and then another sound fell upon his ears, filling him with speechless dread.

The sheep upon the hillside were bleating for their shepherd.

What should he do? He went to the mouth of the glen and looked out upon the plain. Yonder in the distance was the habitation of his father and mother. He shuddered at the sight of it. As one who walks in his sleep he left the glen and was making his way down the hillside, when a question was whispered to him:

"*Where is Abel, thy brother?*"

And before he thought, he answered aloud: "*I know not: am I my brother's keeper?*"

Then he glanced about to see to whom he had made reply. Had he answered the evening wind, or yonder golden-dyed cloud, or some spirit of the mysterious hills?

He could not tell, for no one was there, no shadow even of a presence. But that question stirred the depths of his being, and he knew that when he returned to his father and mother they, too, would ask him what of his brother. A storm of madness came upon him. Ahead of him lay the Land of Rest, through which ran the River that Sings. Never more could he go that way; never more could he meet his mother's eyes; never more lay down in his father's tent.

*

And so, forsaking the beaten track, he fled around the hills, scrambling from rock to rock, from brake to brake, striving at every step to place behind him the Land of Rest. He came to a pass that ran along the brow of a precipice, and he fled into a grewsome defile which rounded into the haggard and stony recesses of the hills until it seemed lost, and he was cut from sight of that hated Land of Peace.

The stars flickered in the silver veil of the twilight, and he flew as one accursed. Thorny shrubs, prickly vines and bristling cacti lacerated his bare limbs, and, with blood trickling from a hundred smarting wounds and a fury of escape in his brain, he fled like some frenzied animal pursued by fearful foes. Angry mountain streams tried to thwart his progress, but he plunged recklessly through their cold waters. Hissing cataracts impeded his way, but he dashed blindly into their seething spume, and climbed over their slippery, moss-covered basins. Nothing held him, nothing affrighted him, nothing daunted him. It was what was left behind that caused that terror in his heart; the dangers and darknesses ahead were a joy to him.

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Deeper and deeper he went into the unknown ways of the hills, faring along dizzy abysses and sleek ascents till night came upon him, yet gave him no pause. He was grateful for being now in the blessed land of shadows. Ere long luminous eyeballs gleamed upon him as he pushed onward, but the madness in his veins repelled them, and he could see them fleeing in animal terror from him. Writhing things coiled in his way and hissed vengefully at him, but slunk away before his swift coming. Even the glowworms in the grass paled at his presence, and the songbirds of the night were silent as his feet went scurrying through the grass. It seemed to his shivering soul that all Nature looked upon him as a fearful thing,—a thing exiled and accursed.

Then the moon came up, and the leaping cascades and angry mountain streams glowed pallidly. Livid mists of green flame rose from the earth and suffocated the forest ways. But the tortured man kept on, for rest was not in his soul; only the passion for flight. And all the while he was going upward toward the far line that marked the mountain tops where they met the sky.

Steep and rugged was the way, and he knew not what was beyond. The great trees fell off, and a thin, starved growth succeeded; then a wilderness of jagged stones, bare of aught save lichen embroideries. But he passed on swiftly, a racing shadow, knowing no fatigue nor pain, until he reached the top of the ridge; and there he paused and looked ahead of him, at the stars first, and then at what lay at his feet. The mountain sloped down into what seemed to him a cloudy void; and now the impulse that had taken him upward took him down the sides of the hills. He felt that he had put a barrier between himself and the Land of Rest; and gradually there stole upon him a sense of dreamy fatigue; yet he proceeded downward, until he saw lights gleaming at intervals on the plain.

*

He stopped beside a tiny rill of water to refresh himself. A bank of moss, under a large acacia tree, invited him to rest. He kneeled down and quenched his thirst from the clear, trickling stream; and, almost as a tired child, he dropped upon the mossy bank. Then merciful sleep blotted out the crime of the first murderer.

He slept until far into the coming day. Once a lion came to the stream to drink, sniffed at the heavily sleeping man, and then in a hangdog way departed. Some noisy birds flitted about him on a tour of inspection, and withdrew, chirping excitedly, to their favorite trees. But he lay there, brawnily, wildly beautiful, and slept as if he had never slept before. Toward the evening there came one, half affrighted, who put an end to his slumber. He awoke at the call of a voice, and looked up to find a woman bending anxiously over him.

"My mother," he murmured, half a-dream.

"Nay, not thy mother," answered the sweet voice of the woman, as she drew back timorously, yet laughing shyly.

He raised himself and looked at her, looked anxiously, wonderingly at her white and rounded beauty. Never had he seen aught like her, though her eyes spoke to him of the brother whom he had loved and slain. But a certain sadness haunted these eyes and twined itself in a shadowy way around her mouth; and, at his eager gaze, a blush came into her face and spread itself in pale rose waves over her face and neck.

*

"Do not flee from me as all things else flee. Bide here a while that I may look at one who seems kind. Let me breathe this unknown sweetness and help me drive this heaviness from my heart."

"Thou hast come from a far country," she ventured to say, reassured.

"Knowest thou such a place as the Land of Rest? Thence I came."

"I know it not. It must be across the Hills of the Sky, which none of our people have ever ascended."

"I seek the Land of the Forgotten. May this be it?"

"Nay, this is the Land of Wandering."

"Then it is here, perchance, that I must spend my life."

He buried his face in his hands and mused; and the woman, seeing him thus in reverie, slipped noiselessly away, as if she would escape his presence; she had not gone far down the stream when she gave a cry that brought Cain wondering to his feet. He had thought that she was still beside him, but to his surprise he beheld her at some distance and in deadly peril. A great boulder, loosened by some action of wind or water from its place higher up the mountain, was rolling slowly downward, its passage retarded now and then by a stout sapling or an outcropping scrap of rock.

Each impediment gave way before it, and, in a few moments, it must reach the spot where the woman, paralyzed with fear beyond all power of motion, stood directly in its path. The sight brought back to Cain that same resistless fury which had come to him when he had slain his brother.

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He was on his feet instantly, but he could not reach her in time, for she was too far down the ravine,—the boulder was nearer. Thrilling with a new and imperious emotion, he sprang with a lithe leap across an intervening ledge to where the boulder hung for a moment held back by a gnarled fir, and, instantaneously and unflinchingly setting his naked shoulder against its jagged sharpness, he heaved sidewise with superhuman might.

The huge brown mass, swayed thus out of its balance, turned from its course and went plunging downward upon a new track, tearing its wild way through brush and brambles, but leaving the crouching woman safe to one side. As the thunder of its descent echoed sonorously up from the far deeps of the valley, Cain, with a tremulous cry of joy to her whom he had saved, fell faint and quivering upon the sward. When he opened his eyes the woman knelt beside him, staunching a cut on his shoulder and touching his face with her soft hands.

"What is it I feel toward thee?" he said after a little while. "It is something so

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, In the Land of Wandering, is the first of a series of six stories, based on scenes in the Bible, which have been specially written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by Walker Kennedy.

sweet as to be a pain. Leave me no more, oh, fairest child of earth, for I could not bear this pain in my heart if deprived of the sight of thee. Thou canst not depart from me again. Why, indeed, should I let thee go? Is there not strength enough left in the arms of Cain to hold so frail a thing as thou? But no; thou disarmest me with thine eyes."

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The woman looked lovingly upon his dark beauty and his strength, and said softly: "What wouldst thou have of me?"

"I know not—I know not," he said helplessly, as one who longs, but longs for what he knows not. Then the darkness was made clear in his mind and he thus concluded: "As my mother is to my father, so be thou to me."

Though a woman, he knew she was not as his mother. Beautiful as she was, he felt that there was something in her that corresponded with the fatal flaw in himself. Yet this did not repel him.

It lacked some time of the falling of night when they descended into the plain, whose long grass waved mysteriously in the pale twilight, and, hand in hand, wandered until they beheld the outlines of a city with temples and towers and palaces darkened against the sky. To him this was a wonder; but she told him it was there she lived, and thither he must go with her and no harm would befall him.

And there he found toil that helped him forget a while that deed in the lonely glen in the Land of Rest. And she who had led him into the Land of Wandering became his wife. Of that union were born two sons, and, when Cain looked upon them, his soul often grew sick within him, for one was like unto himself, and the other was Abel come back to life again. Strange to say, he loved the fair-haired boy with surpassing tenderness, and the sight of the dark-browed youth was almost hateful to him. And Adah, his wife, loved the laughing, blue-eyed boy, too, and saw in him the beautiful dream of a mother's love come true.

And Cain waxed very prosperous. His great strength, derived from the wild woods, served him well in the beginning. This begot skill, and, after that, there came to him the sense of power over other men. In the course of time he became Chieftain over the Shadowy City. Despite the crime that had stained his soul, he had attained everything that the heart could desire, and he knew that he had mastered the wild demon within that had once risen and slain his brother. Could it be, he wondered, that he had done no wrong at all?

One evening he had held a revel in his palace in honor of the Councilors of the city. In magnificence it had surpassed anything of the kind ever given by a Chieftain, and it was late before the guests had departed. Cain had dismissed his slaves until the morrow, and he sat alone in the banquet-room meditating upon the splendor about him, and almost doubting the reality of the honors that had come upon him. But many as they were, he knew that they did not satisfy his soul, for deep down in his heart was ever a gnawing wish for a word out of the old days and for a glimpse of that secluded hollow in the Land of Rest beyond the Hills of the Sky. Even in the moments of his highest triumphs the rocks and trees of that glen would come waveringly before his eyes.

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While he sat thus moodily dreaming at the table, a young man entered the apartment noisily and stood before him. He had evidently been under the impression that the hall was deserted, for he quailed at sight of its solitary occupant. Somewhat abruptly he saluted his father, and then his tremulous hand sought a glass, filled with red wine, which stood upon the table. Raising it to his lips, he drained it to the dregs.

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An unaccountable terror seized the soul of Cain. The frown upon the youth's brow, the madness in his eye, the disorder of his appearance, recalled something from the past, and he saw himself in the son who stood before him,—saw his old self when the demon lived within him. Then a deadly intuition broke upon his mind, causing him to rise painfully and demand:

"Where is thy brother?"

The father's face was white as death while the youth hesitated, as if to evade the question, and then said, with a sneering laugh:

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Intolerable pain, remorse, despair and murder passed over the face of Cain. He moved to spring upon his son and rend him to pieces, but his intention was stayed; a look of intense and hopeless agony flitted across his face, he tottered and fell dead amid the wine cups of the table.

FARMING THE OCEAN

By RENÉ BACHE. *Drawings by* BRILL

IT IS but recently that man has learned to till the pastures of the sea, and the idea that areas of sea-bottom may be utilized by cultivation for the production of regular crops, to be harvested annually like so much wheat or potatoes, is wholly new. Yet, this novel idea is already being applied on a very considerable scale, and it is beyond question that, in the near future, the ocean shallows all along the Atlantic coast will be farmed as systematically as the dry land.

The bottom of Chesapeake Bay, for example, covered as it is with a rich mud that is a veritable porridge of condensed nutriment, is probably destined to furnish, per acre, a greater profit to the marine agriculturist than is yielded by the choicest arable lands of Pennsylvania or Illinois. This result will be brought about by the systematic cultivation of the oyster.

Until very lately the oyster in this country has been considered simply as a wild animal, and it *is* still *so* regarded in the Chesapeake Bay region. But, although the oyster-beds of the Chesapeake are incomparably the greatest and most productive in the world, they are being rapidly exhausted by reckless fishing, and before many years they will be reduced to such a point that water farming on scientific lines, such as is now practiced in Long Island Sound, will take the place of the barbarous and even piratical methods now in use. The word "piratical" is used advisedly, inasmuch as the whole industry of oyster catching, as pursued in Maryland waters at present, is in the last degree lawless and uncivilized.

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How far this is true is evidenced by the fact that to-day the State of Maryland maintains a regular fleet of steamers and swift sailing vessels for no other purpose than to keep the so-called "oyster pirates" in check.

These "pirates" are dredgers who, in defiance of law, persist in invading the shallow waters set aside exclusively for the use of the oystermen who take the bivalves with tongs. The dredge,—a sort of drag-net with an iron frame,—gathers in the mollusks on a wholesale scale, and quickly wipes out an oyster-bed in shoal water. Hence the fight, which has been going on for many years, between the tongers and the dredgers.

It is a contest, in a way, between labor and capital, inasmuch as the tongers own no business apparatus beyond their little boats and oyster-tongs, whereas the dredgers are proprietors of large schooners and employ many men.

Now, ordinarily, capital is regarded with respect; it is respectable, if for no other reason than that it can afford to be so. But it is quite otherwise with the oyster capitalists of the Chesapeake, barring some notable exceptions.

They have fought the law, and are still fighting it, persistently. The class of men employed by them in their business is low to the point of depravity, and they have gone so far as to introduce a system of human slavery which obtains casual advertisement in the police-court reports of Baltimore, whenever a victim escapes. But of this more anon.

For the present purpose it will suffice to say that oyster dredging in Maryland waters is a scramble by 700 sailing vessels, some of them of as much as seventy-five tons' burden, manned by 5600 daring and often unscrupulous persons.

To this effect is the testimony of the United States Fish Commission. "We don't care where we get our men," said a dredging Captain to a Government expert. "Drunk or sober, clothed or naked, they serve just so long as they can be made to work at turning a windlass." It is by means of a windlass, be it explained, that the dredge loaded with oysters is hoisted.

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The life these unfortunate men lead is the roughest imaginable. Poorly clad, they toil much of the time with every garment stiff with ice, while the wind dashes the fast-freezing spray over them, as hour after hour they wind away at the heavy windlass, or else stoop with backs almost broken to sort the oysters taken aboard. For this they get about eleven dollars a month, with a sufficiency of coarse food. No wonder that the crews of the dredging schooners have to be recruited largely from the jails and the workhouses, and that a big proportion of the oystermen thus employed are foreigners, unable to speak more than a few words of English.

With 700 fast-sailing dredging schooners scattered over such a vast space as Chesapeake Bay, it is not surprising that the oyster navy of the State of Maryland should find it difficult to prevent depredations, especially at night. The best it can do is to keep the "pirates," to a reasonable extent, within bounds. Additional difficulty is caused by the fact that the lines defining the dredging grounds are entirely unmarked.

A few years ago the dredgers decided that there was no reason for paying attention to legal restrictions, and they deliberately invaded, in daylight, the tonging grounds. They chose for their depredations the little Choptank and Chester Rivers, and this move on their part gave rise to quite an interesting episode,—in fact, a small war.

The tongers, sure of their right in the premises, decided to defend their property, and, with that end in view, mounted a three-pounder brass gun on a point of land near the mouth of the Little Choptank. When the dredging schooners came they fired upon them; but the latter, equally willing to fight, had likewise provided themselves with cannon, and quickly returned the fire.

What might have been the ultimate outcome no one can say, if it had not been for the intervention of the authorities.

The dredgers were ready to fight anybody, even the law, that opposed them, and they did not hesitate to turn their brass guns against the boats of the oyster navy when the latter arrived on the scene. It was then that the difficulty culminated in a battle, or rather, series of battles, in the Chester River.

This fight has had no adequate historian, but it certainly deserved to be handed down in the written records of the State of Maryland. It was a veritable naval conflict, as exciting in its way as the encounter between Sampson's fleet and the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera.

—so long as they can be made to work at turning a windlass

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At the beginning the "pirates" had the best of it. They outnumbered and outgunned the State vessels, and drove several of the latter ashore. The fighting lasted four or five days,—this is recent history, mind you!—and then the two steamers of the oyster navy came to the rescue. It was a most famous mix-up that followed, the State boats beginning by trying with small arms to dispose of what military experts would call the "personnel" of the enemy. But the "personnel" hid below-deck on the dredging schooners, and replied with rifles fired through improvised portholes.

This sort of thing went on for a while, until the steamers had enough of it, and then they turned loose their cannon, which were of heavier metal than any weapons carried by the dredgers. They riddled the hulls of the pirate boats, and then rushed upon them and rammed them. In this fashion several of the dredgers were sunk, and the rest sailed away as fast as they could. Since that time, ten years ago, there has been no serious trouble, though every now and then a difficulty occurs between some reckless dredger and one or more oyster boats, in which a few shots are exchanged.

The hardships of the oyster dredger's life are extreme. The most active working season is winter, and no matter how inclement the weather, he is compelled to toil at the windlass continually, his body chilled in its frozen garments, and his feet and hands literally paralyzed by the intense cold. He is likely, furthermore, to be badly injured by the windlass, or by falling upon the deck of the vessel, slippery with ice.

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Another evil, always apt to befall him, is the so-called "oyster-shell hand." This is a severe inflammation caused by a ragged wound made by an oyster-shell and subsequently infected, as physicians phrase it.

Every now and then some man turns up in a police court of Baltimore more or less crippled, half-starved, and bearing the marks of extreme ill-usage. His complaint is usually familiar enough. He has been enticed on board one of the dredging schooners by means more or less resembling the process known as "shanghai,"—that is to say, he has been drugged, and kidnapped while unable to take care of himself. Or else, perhaps, he has been enticed on board by false pretenses.

At all events, no sooner did he come into the power of the skipper of the vessel than he was subjected to most dreadful treatment,—forced by blows to work day and night at the hardest kind of labor, and furnished with insufficient food of the coarsest kind. In stories thus told by the victims there is apt to figure a brutal and cruel mate, selected for that office on account of his muscular strength

and physical ability to browbeat the hands. It is perfectly well known that horrors of this description are of frequent occurrence, and yet the brutal dredgers are very rarely brought to justice and punished.

Most consideration is reasonably bestowed upon the Maryland oyster grounds, because their importance is so vastly much greater than that of any other oyster-producing area, either in this country or abroad.

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Before saying more on the subject, some points regarding the tongers ought to be mentioned. They are men of a better class, and better paid, than the toilers aboard the dredging schooners; but, like all other oystermen, they are, as a class, indolent and improvident, working a few days and then remaining absolutely idle until actual necessity forces them to earn a few dollars.

Most of them live near the water, along the shores of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, owning a small house and an acre or so of land,—the value of the latter depending on its nearness to good oystering or fishing grounds. The tonger, too, customarily owns a canoe, or a share in one, which is used in winter for oystering and in summer for fishing. The work of the tonger is not so severe as that of the dredger, because he does not go out in very windy and wintry weather, on account of his small boat.

Entirely dependent upon the tongers in Chesapeake Bay are about two hundred sailing vessels known as "runners," which buy the oysters of the tongmen and carry them to Baltimore. The runner anchors near a tonging-ground, and hoists an empty basket to her masthead, as a signal that she is ready to receive oysters. A day or two later she is loaded, and is off to market. The tonger, as soon as he has caught as many of the mollusks as his small boat will carry, sells out to the runner and returns to work. It may be interesting in this connection to mention that the oyster-catching industry in Maryland to-day supports 55,000 persons.

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If the oyster is a wild animal in the Chesapeake, he is a domesticated animal in the neighborhood of New York, which is the greatest oyster market in the world, barring Baltimore.

A century ago in New York oysters were regarded, from the view-point of "good society," as too vulgar a food for recognition by the educated palate; they were poor people's provender, and never appeared on the menu of a correctly managed dinner party. In later times they became scarce, and more valued on that account, and it is only within the last few years that they have become plentiful, thanks to artificial culture. Now they are enjoyed by all classes, and no man is so wealthy or so poverty stricken as to deny himself this article of diet, which, beyond all other edible things, is susceptible of great diversity of treatment by an expert cook.

Oyster-farming is conducted on a very systematic method in the waters near New York, particularly in Long Island Sound, where tens of thousands of acres of bottom are staked off and cultivated as carefully as any arable fields on dry land. These bottom areas are planted with "seed oysters."

Before going further, it will be as well to explain that the oyster in its babyhood is a free-swimming animal. During the first three or four days of its existence it sows a large crop of wild oats, traveling whither it listeth,—or, more accurately, in whatever direction the waves and currents carry it. But presently it becomes dissatisfied with this wandering career, and seeks a permanent resting-place, such as a rock, if so convenient a location be available. Mud won't do, because the animal would be smothered.

Having found a resting-place it fastens itself securely, reclining upon its left side. An oyster, be it understood, always lies upon its left side. Then it proceeds to grow, and at three years of age it is big enough to fry. The American oyster grows twice as fast as the European oyster, but that is only what might be expected of a Yankee mollusk.

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This is not a biographical essay, but it may be remarked briefly that an oyster is organized very much like a human being, only that its build is simpler. It has a nervous system, a heart, a liver, a stomach, intestines, gills that serve as lungs, a mouth and a vent; also a reproductive sac.

The female lays about sixteen million microscopic, pear-shaped eggs at a spawning, but it is reckoned that only about eight individuals out of this immense number actually survive. If all the eggs were hatched, and there was nothing to destroy the progeny, a single pair of oysters would produce enough of their kind in five years to weigh eight times as much as the earth we live on. This, of course, would never do, and so it happens that the prospects of the individual mollusk are antagonized by many chances.

The culture of the oyster in Long Island Sound, while primitive compared with European methods, has advanced further than in any other waters of this country. "Seed," —that is, young oysters,—in large quantities is bought by the water farmers for planting, at a stated price per bushel, and is sown as systematically as corn or beans. Indeed, the production of seed oysters is an important part of the industry, the method adopted being to deposit large quantities of oyster or other shells on shallow bottoms in the neighborhood of oyster beds.

Then, when the breeding season arrives, immense numbers of spawn are set afloat, to take hold upon the clean shells so appropriately placed for their accommodation. Later, these shells are taken up with dredges, broken into pieces, so that the growing oysters may not crowd each other unduly, and sold for seed. From what has been said it will be realized that, whereas the oyster is most prolific of all living animals, it is on that very account most easily propagated in unlimited numbers, and with the adoption of intelligent means of breeding the species can be rendered as numerous as may be desired.

New York, of course, as a market, draws upon a vast aqueous territory. The city relies mainly for its supplies upon the semi-domesticated oyster, but dependence is had to some extent upon the wild bivalve.

The wholesale oyster shops of the metropolis are floating scows, closely resembling the Noah's Ark of the toy-shops, except that they have flat roofs. Built for strength and durability, these quaint vessels, the biggest of which are seventy-five feet long, never attempt a voyage. They are not meant to go a-sailing, but remain always fastened to the water-wall of the city. The very conception of a boat implies the purpose of transportation, but these scows transport nothing; they are simply oyster depots.

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Over the waters of Long Island Sound, in the neighborhood of Staten Island, and among the tidal rivers and estuaries of the Jersey coast, fly swift-sailing oyster vessels, looking out for a cargo. A load once on board, the tidy craft speeds to New York and anchors alongside of an oyster scow. Perhaps a dozen schooners are gathered about the scow, unloading. Planks are laid across decks from the outermost schooner to the shore, and men are busily engaged in transporting their cargoes to the arklike barge.

These men are well paid; they get ten cents a thousand for the oysters they carry, and this nets them twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. Oysters delivered in New York have to be counted, whereas in Baltimore they go by the bushel.

The New York oyster scow is a mercantile establishment. On it is built a two-story house, the first story being the deck of the vessel. This is the shop, with room for opening oysters and transacting business. Above are kept barrels and all sorts of odds and ends. The scow is reached from the shore by a swinging platform, which allows it to rise and fall with the tide. The deep hold of the vessel, cool in summer and warm in winter, serves admirably for storing oysters, which can never freeze when the hatches are closed.

Nearly one-third of the bottom of the great arm of the sea called Long Island Sound is occupied to-day by oyster beds, the product of which is derived from the sowing of seed, and as regularly harvested as any land crop. All subaqueous farming rights are held by lease from the State of Connecticut on its side of the Sound, and the grounds are guarded by special police to prevent poaching. There are 72,000 acres of beds under cultivation, some of them being as much as eight miles distant from the shore and at a depth of more than eighty feet.

Unquestionably, the whole bottom of the Sound would be one great oyster bed, within a few years from now, were it not that propagation is not successful on the Long Island shore. Nobody knows why this is so, but it is imagined that currents carry away the newly hatched baby oysters, when they are as yet in the free-swimming stage.

It is only the very exceptional baby oyster that succeeds in getting a grip upon a rock, a shell, or some other suitable place to live, so that the great majority of the mollusks actually hatched do inevitably perish. And even the young bivalve that is so lucky as to acquire a permanent residence is exposed to a multitude of dangers thereafter.

Having attached itself to the rock, or other solid body, it proceeds to develop a shell, secreting lime from the surrounding water for the purpose. But, though now comparatively safe, it is at no time in its career secure from attack by various foes, the most deadly of which is the starfish. The starfish embraces the oyster with its five long fingers, and smothers it to death, thereupon drawing the mollusk out of its opened shell and devouring it.

Almost as bad are certain species of whelks, which drill holes through the shells of the oysters, and thus get at them. Then there are large spiral "winkles," which crush the oysters by muscular pressure. In Southern waters schools of stingrays raid the bed. These fishes are provided with a crushing apparatus in their mouths, with which they smash the oysters.

The quantity of oyster-shells landed on the shores of Maryland during the last ninety years has been reckoned at 12,000,000 tons, a weight greater than the combined tonnage of all the steam vessels in the world.

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Formerly, the firms engaged in shucking these mollusks had much trouble to get rid of the shells, but now they have become a source of profit, fetching a cent a bushel. They are shipped in enormous quantities from Baltimore to other parts of the country, where they are utilized for road-making, for lime, in the manufacture of coal gas, in making special grades of iron, and for railway beds. They are also employed as a fertilizer, and for building fortifications.

It is quite interesting to consider the fact that the material of the shells of the hens' eggs which come to market is furnished to a great extent by oyster-shells bought for the purpose by farmers. By adding clay and magnesia, a beautiful and pure white hydraulic cement is produced from oyster-shells. Twenty-three million bushels of oysters are opened annually in the United States.

The Chesapeake Bay region produces one-third of the oysters of the world. At present, the wild oyster fisheries of Maryland give employment to 50,000 oystermen; with cultivation, they would afford profitable work for 500,000. They have paid to oystermen about $2,000,000 annually; they ought to pay to cultivators $60,000,000 a year.

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Only a very small part of the bottom which is proper for oyster farming is now occupied by natural beds, and it is safe to estimate the total area of valuable oyster-producing ground in the State at 1000 square miles. Much of this area could be made to yield an annual profit of $1000 per acre. It is reckoned that, when the whole of it shall have been developed, the future citizens of Maryland will be able to draw an annual income of over $60,000,000 from the waters of the Chesapeake Bay. The oyster, be it remembered, is as fixed and sedentary as a potato, and its cultivation is as simple as any other branch of agriculture.

Baltimore sends immense quantities of oysters to the West. From the shores of Chesapeake Bay to Detroit there is hardly a city or town that is not supplied with Maryland raw oysters, kept fresh in transit by patented devices for refrigeration. Farther west the demand is supplied by mollusks that have been deprived of their shells and preserved by steaming.

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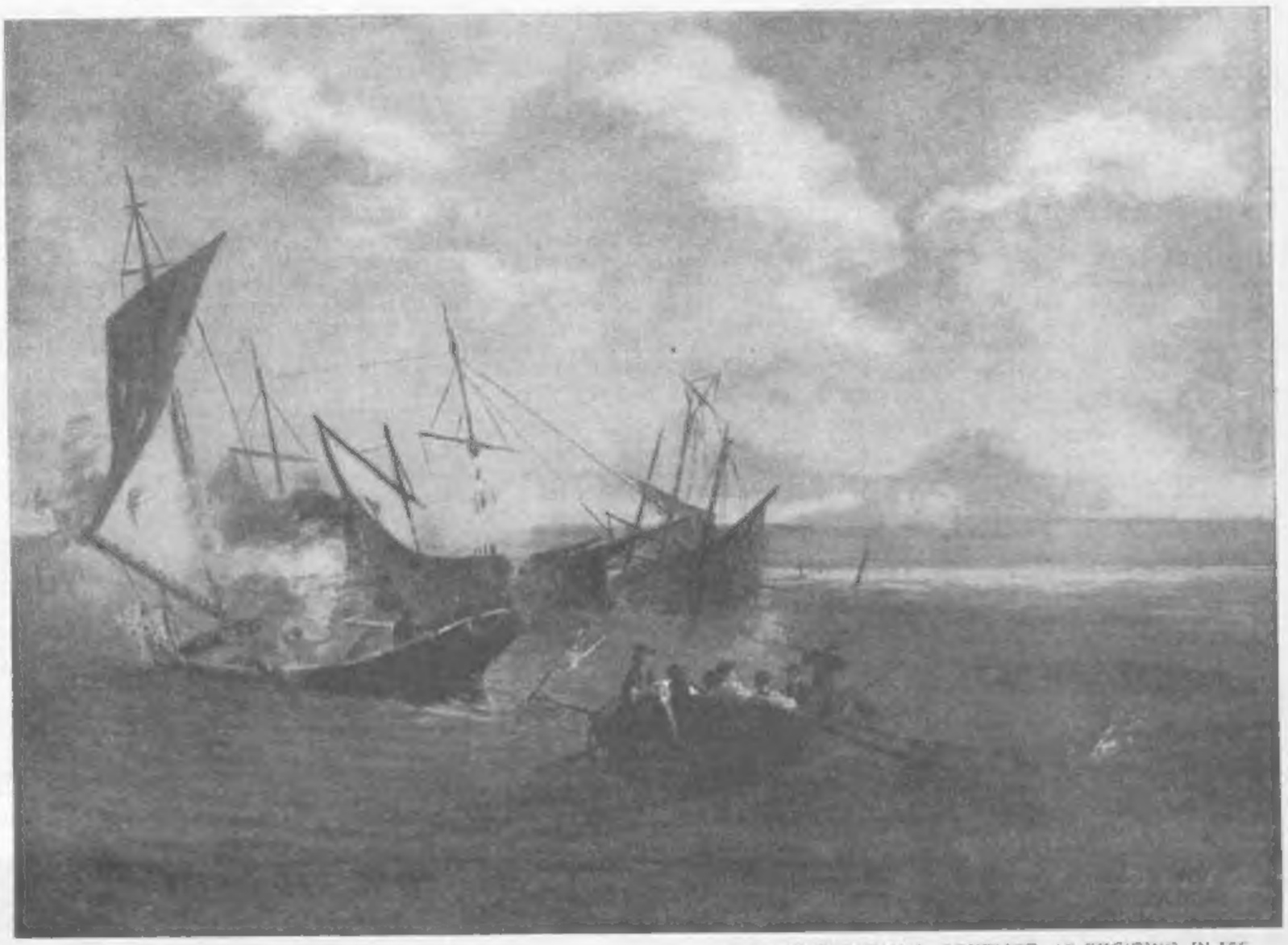
The exportation of oysters from this country to Europe has reached an important development, tens of thousands of barrels being shipped abroad annually in the shell. Stored in the coolest part of the steamer, far forward, they "keep" excellently. Wholesale dealers in England commonly plant them temporarily in tidal waters as a way of preserving their freshness, taking them up as they are wanted. The oysters sent abroad are specially selected for that purpose, those which are small, round and single being chosen, because bivalves of this description are demanded by the foreign market.

In Baltimore, where are prepared over nine-tenths of the world's product of steamed canned oysters, there are fifty-eight firms engaged in shucking oysters for the raw trade, the shucking being performed by a small army of 32,000 persons.



A VERITABLE NAVAL CONFLICT, AS EXCITING IN ITS WAY AS THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN SAMPSON'S FLEET AND THE SPANISH SQUADRON UNDER ADMIRAL CERVERA

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Unpopularity of the American

"SOMEHOW, the boys don't like me," said a small boy, who thus recorded his arrival at self-consciousness in relation to his contemporaries.

It is a problem of importance which the boy presents to you as his counselor, and how are you going to meet it? You may be a square-jawed kind of person, who will close the door with a bang and say, "Nonsense, boy; what of it? Don't mind it; be independent, and show 'em you don't care." To be sure, that covers the problem in a way. But it is like telling a man who has failed that he should not be depressed, since it will not make any difference in a hundred years from now.

Or, you may examine the cause of trouble, and decide there is good reason for the boy to be disliked. You find that he is soft, and girlish; or he is high-strung, and sensitive; or his sense of humor is clumsy, and he cuts senseless monkey-shines. Your plain and uncomplimentary notes make it clear that, in some of these ways, he is an intolerable boy, and there is no wonder that other boys cannot bear him. So you tell him that if he wants to be popular he must utterly change his ways and become like the rest of the crowd.

Or, you may go deeper, and discover that what makes him odious are traits which some day, when whittled down and better adjusted, may have an opposite effect on future associates. Softness may be the precursor of rare graciousness; sensitiveness may come from a quality which by-and-by will issue in sensibility, appreciation and considerateness; queer and incomprehensible proposals may indicate an originality which one day will make him a trusted leader in great and aggressive schemes; even his insupportable pranks may turn into rollicking humor. In other words, his present unpopularity may be due to the bungling ill-adjustment of sterling qualities which only require time and wholesome development to transform into later attractions.

And all this is suggestive of another kind of unpopularity.

Is America unpopular, and, if so, why? is a question wisely discussed in a recent magazine. When our late war began, there was developed, to the sudden surprise of many of us, the fact that most of Europe disliked our country. In France, Germany and Italy the Spaniard was more popular than the American, and while the British Government and press expressed for us a sympathy, many Englishmen were outspoken in their disapproval. It was the latent feeling called out by an occasion; yet we were not prepared for it; we thought we stood better over there.

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Since our astonishing victories we have seen all Europe salute our prowess, and give a tardy recognition to our matchless resources. But the distaste of many thinking Europeans for the American personality is unchanged, in spite of their new respect for the Republic as a military Power.

To some Americans this is no new knowledge. But when we have realized our unpopularity, our inclination has been to say, "What of it? They don't know us; we don't care what they think; we are sufficient to ourselves." Perhaps that is the right attitude to take. Every true American has consummate faith in the national character, and does not worry at foreign criticism. On the other hand, our Republic, through its expansion, is taking a new position in the family of nations; and in the associations of trade and diplomacy, and perhaps of wars, we shall have more to do with Europe than ever before.

Possibly it might be wise to look patiently at the question of our unpopularity abroad. We certainly are not interested to hear frothy comments on the manners of American tourists; they are, we know, often bad, but they will mend of themselves in time. We care only to know the graver criticisms which the more thinking Europeans make.

They say that we disappoint them. The United States came forward as the nation of ideals. Our country started in business by turning away from the artificiality and the inequality of the old nations, and proclaiming itself free from fetters on mind or action. But instead of keeping up to those professions, Europeans see, in even the better class of American visitors abroad, a forsaking of proper ideals, and a chasing after some of the least worthy of the Old World customs and traditions. They observe that we toady to titles, instead of adhering, like Benjamin Franklin, to the simple Republican dignity of character which once fascinated France. They notice that when they talk with us we often seem to feel we should apologize for the distinctive characteristics which grow out of our democratic institutions. They accuse their American acquaintances of not looking at things in the large way which such principles as our Republic professes should suggest. Worst of all, they declare that, as far as they have observed, we are not true to our national doctrine of equality.

To be sure, these European critics don't know us all; they have never touched the real heart of the American people, where abides a truthful loyalty to that national idea which some of our more cosmopolitan citizens may have obscured. Nevertheless, if in any way such an impression of unfaithfulness should have been formed of us by discriminating Europeans, it is natural that they should regard us coldly.

We are not disturbed when they criticise us for our flurry and lack of repose; if that is characteristic of us, then it is not a thing to be ashamed of; the world will have to take it as it accepts the oddities of other nations. Besides, it is a youthful exuberance which by-and-by will result in a better-balanced energy. But if American visitors abroad have given reason for the charge that we do not take our own ideals seriously, then there is a fateful cause for the odiousness which is attached to the American name.

—FRANCIS BELLAMY.

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The Nation's Need of Trained Officers

FROM the talk of certain gentlemen, it would almost seem as if Uncle Sam would have to be "kept in" until he learns the most obvious lesson of the late war. Politicians are still proclaiming that we don't need any considerable increase of the regular Army because we have ten millions or thereabouts of soldiers ready to spring to arms at the call of their country. If they had said "men," or even if they had said "brave, patriotic, and comparatively intelligent men," no one would question the statement; but such persons are very far from soldiers, as the term is understood to-day.

In the youth of the Republic, the exigencies of life in a new country brought most men into more or less close approximation to the then soldier type, while in the war between North and South both sides labored under similar disadvantages. Doubtless even our ten million men are more than a match, man for man, for the regulars of disorganized services like that of Spain; but who can doubt the result of their conflict with a fully organized military Power? We might win in the end,—I am a good enough American to believe that we should win,—but at what a sacrifice of time and blood and treasure!

The best of our militia may be able to march and drill creditably; they may be able to camp out comfortably for a week once every two years, with a good caterer and a dining-hall, but the simple truth is that they are just amateur soldiers, though I do not use this term as one of reproach. Nay, I will gladly admit that they could be turned into professional soldiers, probably, in a much shorter time than could any body of men in the world,—provided they were commanded by real officers. Here, it seems to me, lies the cardinal weakness of the situation. It takes years to make the officer where it may take only months to make the soldier, and many of the American militia officers of to-day, holding their commissions by reason of popularity or regimental politics, and their authority by the suffrages of subordinates who consider themselves their equals, are about as fit to make soldiers of their men as they are to make officers of them. This is not a mere assumption; the lesson has been well taught during the months just past.

Blows are struck and wars are fought quickly in these days, and if we look for any efficient help from our ten million volunteers, provision must be made to officer every man jack of them that we use, militia and all, with trained soldiers who do not owe their commissions to the men they are expected to discipline and command. Authority from below up is an oaken staff in peace, but it is a broken reed in war.

—DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

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The Crushing Weight of Facts

IF, AS the philosophers tell us, Humanity wears a growing aspect of weariness, it may be that it is becoming tired of the facts, instead of the truth of life. It is about time that we asked ourselves if we are not cramming our minds with a great many more facts than is good for us. There is a new kind of intellectual cant heard in every field of endeavor. It cries out continually, "Give us the facts." But it would be a curious and discouraging inventory if we were to measure up the bulk of facts, after we have stored them away, and ask what are they worth to us in our fight.

Books are now written to tell us how to breathe, how to sleep, and how to listen. We are required to go to the opera equipped with enough facts to make an encyclopædia, and we are compelled to remember that Wagner, at one of his greatest moments, "sacrifices the tonality of the triad." Do we listen any more cheerfully by this self-concentration of the analytic faculties upon the processes of an enjoyment that should be implicit and spontaneous? Why should one remember the component parts of the atmosphere in order to inflate his lungs properly? One's greater and easier duty is to breathe deep and take no heed. Why should the imagination have to stop and take up the endless details of the realist's story? Of what use to one is the texture of the furniture, or the linear dimensions of the house and back yard, or the accurate appraisements of all the brute materials that lie heaped up round the human interests?

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When one comes to weigh up the capacity of the ordinary human memory against the inundation of small facts that the press pours upon us, there is good reason why a tinge of despair should mingle with the air of smartness that we wear. The intellect of man was not meant to be a chiffonier. It is primarily endowed with the same instinct of selection that resides in a rootlet, which does not take up every element that comes in its way, and absorb all atoms indiscriminately, but seizes those which make for its well-being.

It were a justifiable ambition to desire to know everything, however unimportant, if we were not finite. But that is not the desire of smartness. It is the desire to appear to know a little of everything. The result is a bloated smatterer. The misfortune is that the memory of it, if it does not break down, presents the appearance of a flabby gourmand, with a wealth of menus and a disordered stomach.

Facts are of little use (and a great proportion of them are of no possible practical use) unless they are digested, and converted into truth, and assimilated. The continual effort to tabulate and remember them betrays the futile process. They ought to have gone into the unconscious centres and become part of the abiding automatism.

The London Spectator asks very pertinently, of what use to any one are the newspaper facts which tell us how many blocks there are in the Great Pyramid, or how many saloons there are in New York, or how many gallons of water go over Niagara every minute. But one who looks over the pages of the excellent Spectator might also ask of what value to the ordinary reader are the interminable examinations of the thousands of books that issue from the press. We learn that this authoress is clever, but rash; that one is honest, but feeble;—this book well printed; that, badly proof-read. Does anybody read and try to remember all these things?

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Alas, it is impossible to read them as many of us do without their making some kind of an impression upon the brain of which we may not at the time be conscious, but which adds to the burden of inchoate impressions. Literature in its popular aspect is not unlike the multitudinous shocks which one receives in a splendid and crowded thoroughfare. A million impacts are made upon the sensorium, and by-and-by the cognitive faculties grow flaccid and tired. But all this practically useless record is somewhere stored up to no end. When men and women live continually in the stimulation of such scenes, they are virtually converted into conduits for mere sensation. The reflective processes are choked and, if we may use the similitude, assimilation ceases.

Thus it is that in the selection of popular literature the healthy mind seizes upon that which deals with the essentials and the available, and this distinction marks off the wholesome and healthful periodicals from the flashy and fatuous.

Every one has been amazed at times in meeting with a fresh young mind, that has not wantoned in intellectual profligacy, but has been kept secure in a realm of truth, to find how unerring are the intuitions, how clear the perceptions, and how unperturbed are the conclusions. It is as if after struggling through tortuous labyrinths one came at last upon the highway and there found that some simpler soul had reached the same goal without weariness or wounds, and without our load of wild and useless plunder that still weighed us down.

—(NYM CRINKLE) A. C. WHEELER.

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The Tyranny of Mrs. Grundy

IN THE stone wall of Marischal College, in Aberdeen, is cut the inscription: "They say. What do they say? Let them say!"

The old Scotchman who carved it there must have had an unpleasant experience of the "clash" of gossiping tongues, and meant to declare his independence. The two centuries or so which have slipped away since he did so have not deprived his words of their pertinence. While mere contempt for the opinions of others about us and our doings is not in itself a virtue, it is well to be sturdy enough in our social attitude to make them a very secondary matter with us.

Social opinion had its eminent uses in the earlier stages of human development, when the collective watchfulness of the community was required to guard it from its enemies. The sheep which did not run when the leader of the flock ran, and would not jump where he jumped, either went to feed the wolves or broke its neck down a ravine. But now that there are no wolves within reach, and no long mountain jumps to be taken, the sheep still runs when the bell-wether runs, and jumps where he jumps, by force of habit and heredity.

In much the same way, the deference to social opinion which was an element of safety in early society, when the perils of eating certain foods, or indulging certain habits, was chiefly a matter of tribal tradition, continues in force after these and the like dangers have been proven or disproven by scientific investigation. We follow our leader, and ask, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

This tyranny of mere social opinion is one of the last enemies of personal liberty, and thus of the highest manhood. Nothing is so characteristic of man as his liberty of personal decision. The lower we go down in the scale of animal existence, the greater the subjection to circumstance.

This contrast between man and the animals is repeated after a sort in the contrast of barbarous and civilized man. Among barbarians social opinion is omnipotent. He who will not submit to it at all points is subjected to taboo,—to social excommunication. He must submit or leave the community. Converts to Christianity in a Hindoo village cannot stay in the village unless they persuade the whole village to make the change. Their "pipe and water are cut off," the natives say. In Roman phrase, they are "forbidden the use of fire and water," and must go into exile. It is only within recent centuries, and only within a limited section of the human race, that the liberty to make what you please of your own life has come into existence; and old traditional ideas as to the right of the community to restrict this liberty still linger among men, and find expression in public or private gossip. "They say," "*on dit*" in French, is the watchword of this remainder of ancient tyrannies.

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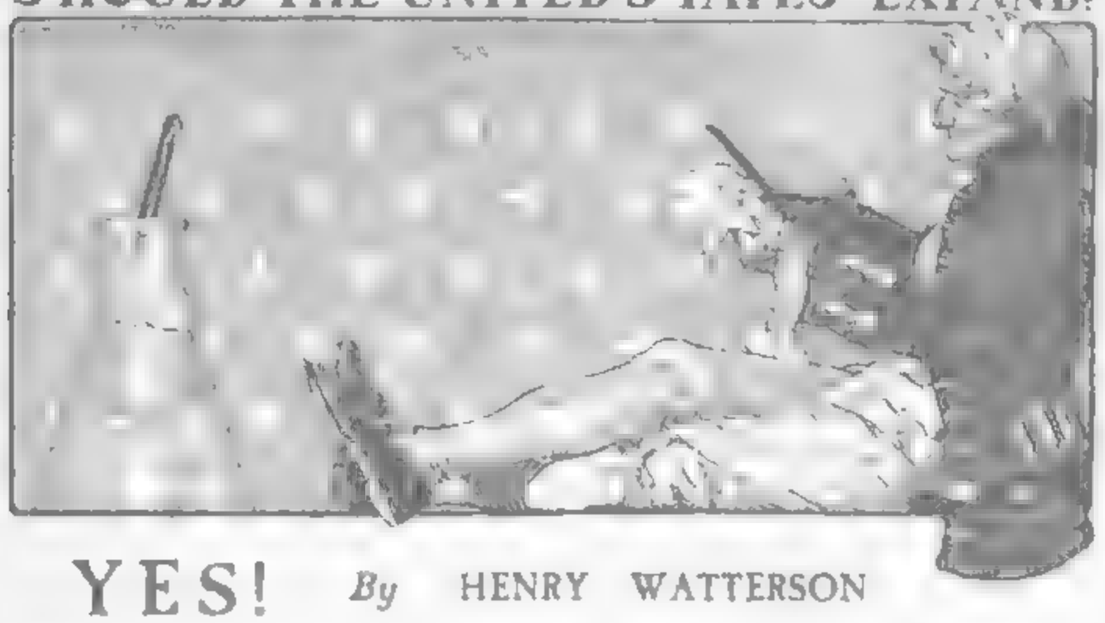
"Let them say!" Social criticism is but a fact in environment, and one which must commend itself to reason and conscience before we have any right to accept it as a motive to action. It is indeed not wise to quarrel with our fellow-men about matters of no importance. It is better to comply in usages which have no moral bearing. When some one asked Frederick Maurice why he wore the clergyman's white necktie, he replied, "I have too many quarrels with my generation about great matters to have time to differ from them about small ones." Petty eccentricities of dress and manner are commonly indications that those who practice them are very little employed about the great things of life. They disfigure personal independence by the extravagance of "come-outer-ism," and thus associate dissent from Mrs. Grundy with foolishness.

"Let them say!" Our dignity as human beings and as civilized men is at stake when we are asked to take at second-hand our views of the great questions of ethical right, of religious conviction, or of national policy. Whether it be the community as a whole, or a party or sect within it, which undertakes to relieve us of the responsibility of thinking for ourselves, we must resist. We should make a conscience of our liberty as the Aberdonian did. We may count for one in the census, indeed, while we wear the collar of sect or party, or take our opinions at the hands of the community; but we are nothing more. The tyranny of the Socialist, who would subject the whole of life to the judgment of the average man, and put an end to the freedom of the individual to shape his life as he pleased, is exactly what we are preparing ourselves when we abandon the liberty of personal conviction we have inherited from men who suffered to establish it.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

SHOULD THE UNITED STATES EXPAND?



YES! By HENRY WATTERSON

NO ONE can have followed the progress of the war with Spain, from the declaration of hostilities by the Congress at Washington to the agreement upon the terms of the treaty of peace by the Joint Commission of Paris, without being impressed by the momentous changes effected through its result. Never was conflict of arms so out of proportion to its consequences, both with respect to its origin and its incidents.

That war rarely ends where it began, or leaves the respective combatants as it found them, is an oft-repeated truth; but, as a rule, some basis for calculation, some estimate of chances, is vouchsafed the more observant and astute among statesmen and soldiers

Here there was none; for what prescience, what discernment,—even foreseeing Manila,—could believe it possible that, within less than half a year, a total revolution would be worked upon the sentiment of the people of the United States and the policy of their Government?

If Dewey had but sailed away, or if he had not sailed at all, what a great difference we would have witnessed in the conditions with which the Republic has had to deal!

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Beyond the wisdom of the educated few, the rude instincts of the unlettered many unconsciously leaped at the truth; we could neither render back to Spain the fruit of Dewey's victory, nor abandon it as a temptation to the rapacity of other nations, nor turn it over to domestic anarchism For evil or for good, we had become the custodians of rich possessions and a great responsibility With Alaska upon the North Pacific, with California upon the South, and Hawaii out at sea,—to say nothing about Cuba and Porto Rico in the South Atlantic,—we found ourselves face to face with the colonial problem which England had solved fully a hundred years before

CUBAN

PORTO RICAN

There appeared no honest way out of this, and, by a kind of impulse, the mass of Americans,—with many of their leaders against them,—brushed away precedents and theories, and, in tones which could not be misunderstood, erected a new gospel in place of the preachments of sages of other days

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This gospel declared that where the blood and treasure of the nation had carried the flag, there the flag shall stay; that what Great Britain has done with profit America may attempt with safety; that that which was good for a struggling people, fringing the Eastern Atlantic seaboard, no longer suffices a nation stretching from ocean to ocean across the North American continent; and that, conceiving and taking into account the developments of the intervening century, the new departure adopted by the great Republic of 1900 will be no greater in its risks to liberty and law than was the departure adopted by the young Republic in 1800, when, disregarding the counsels of the statesmen who had made the Constitution, the people followed Jefferson upon a career of achievement the ruinous character of which was freely and loudly proclaimed.

It is easy to find arguments against the proposed policy of national expansion, and its opponents have been neither idle nor uninventive Beginning with the assumption that a colonial establishment was not contemplated nor provided for by the original instrument and the structural fabric under which we have enjoyed so many years of prosperous life as a nation and as a people, to end with the prophecy of imperialism, it has included all the incidents of hazard and danger which an affectionate and provident father might submit to a son about to start upon a journey to unknown lands, or to engage in an enterprise beyond parental experience and reach of vision

Pointing to the Chinese exclusion bill, it is asked why we should be seized so soon with the desire to embrace the mongrel hordes of the Hawaiian isles and the Philippine archipelago? Pointing to the unsolved problems of State and municipal government at home, it is asked how we can expect anything but disaster in undertaking the government of millions of half-civilized barbarians, alien to our blood, institutions and language

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Taking lessons from history, it is set up that these things can only be done through the Army and Navy; that the augmentation of the military power is ever a menace to liberty; and that, once embarked upon, a colonial policy beyond sea and a system of satraps and proconsuls masquerading as Governors, Generals and the like, appointed by the central power at Washington, and too far away to be held to a very strict accountability as to their actions, it will be only a question of time when the great Republic of North America will go to keep historic company with Greece and Rome

It will hardly be denied by thoughtful men that these are weighty considerations, if we are to be influenced by the lessons of human experience as they have come down to us from time immemorial. But, on the other hand, it is plead in rebuttal that nations, like individuals, cannot escape the dilemmas of which life is made up, that the quandary of to-day becomes the opportunity of to-morrow, and that back of nations as of individuals there is a divinity that shapes their ends, rough hew them how they may. It is shown that suddenly, unexpectedly, this divinity has interposed to bring upon us conditions which were undreamed of indeed, but carrying with them obligations and duties not wholly displeasing to our national aspirations

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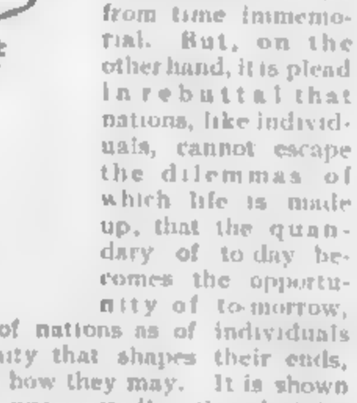
We must go forward or backward, and with entire honor and self respect we cannot go backward. Why did Dewey win his immortal victory in Manila Bay? But why was the Maine blown up in Havana Harbor? We cannot ignore Cuba, with all that it implies We are already in undisputed possession of Hawaii and Porto Rico. Why balk at the Philippines?



FILIPINO

The philosophy that prefers to be killed for a sheep than a lamb joins its forces to those of the philosophy that would not take two bites at a cherry, and herein we have the self complacent optimism and the self-confident thrift of the national character working out the destiny of the nation through the principle of taking what it pleases Heaven to send and of counting the cost afterward

The argument advanced by the intrepid American Optimist to meet the ill omens advanced by his equally sincere and undoubting fellow-countryman, the American Pessimist, runs somewhat in this wise "The old order has passed away. A new order has come upon the scene The Jacobic Republic of Franklin and Jefferson is gone The splendid government which was founded by Washington and Jackson is here. But circumstances alter cases."

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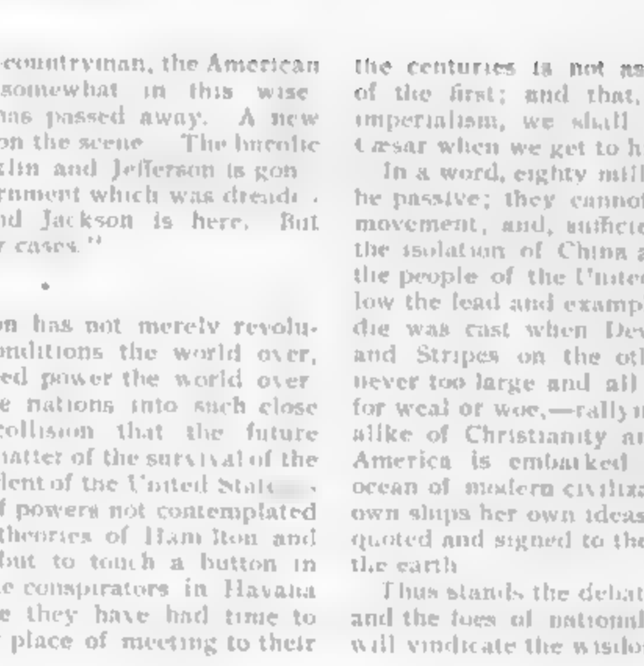
Modern invention has not merely revolutionized human conditions the world over, but it has centralized power the world over It has brought the nations into such close propinquity and collision that the future becomes largely a matter of the survival of the fittest. The President of the United States in the possession of powers not contemplated by the extremest theories of Hamilton and Adams. He has but to touch a button in Washington and the conspirators in Havana are arrested before they have had time to disperse from their place of meeting to their several homes. He may send troops in five hours where Frederick and Napoleon could not have sent them in five weeks

Even the Philippine archipelago is not so distant from the Golden Gate as San [illegible] was from Washington when California was admitted to the Union. As for alien races, we have them in the Indian and in the African, and the very obligation of [illegible] for these remote people may help us to find some better method for the adjustment of hard problems nearer home



HENRY WATTERSON

Overproduction is the most serious danger that threatens us We must find wider markets; idle yet willing labor has germinated the seeds of discontent. We must make it outlets for its superfluous energies. The world moves, and it is moving toward the Orient. Europe finds a vent in Africa, America cannot afford to be indifferent to Asia. The sea-front of human activity may within the coming century be transferred from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We must prepare to take our place in the procession of the nations. The lion has not yet lain down with the lamb; and, until he does so, mutton is good to eat. The millennium has not yet made its advent, and until it does that arbitration only stands which is effected by the sword

The danger of militarism and the martial spirit need not be gainsaid. It is a danger we must risk But let us hope that mankind has made progress in arts as well as in arms; that America in the dawn of the twentieth of the centuries is not as Rome in the zenith of the first; and that, forewarned against imperialism, we shall be able to attend to Cæsar when we get to him.

In a word, eighty millions of people cannot be passive; they cannot escape the world's movement, and, sufficiently admonished by the isolation of China and its consequences the people of the United States prefer to follow the lead and example of England. The die was cast when Dewey raised the Stars and Stripes on the other side of a world never too large and all too narrowing and for weal or woe,—rallying under the banners alike of Christianity and Republicanism,—America is embarked upon the shoreless ocean of modern civilization, carrying in her own ships her own ideas and wares, marked, quoted and signed to the furthermost ends of the earth

Thus stands the debate between the friends and the foes of national expansion We will vindicate the wisdom of its forecast it is for time to discover The right and the wrong of the argument belong to the hereafter, but that the victory of circumstance lies with the advocates of the new departure in national policy, and that its composite parts of the great Republic, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines are already assured, must be quite obvious to the careful student of historic parallels and prevailing tendencies

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I know that the simple American, who loves his country and is loyal to its best traditions, can only look upon these changes with dismay. To him they seem but chaos come again But such is the life of man! It is the destiny of nations

To those of little faith I would say, be of good hope still! *Sursum corda!* Thus far the public has survived every danger which has in times past assailed the governments of the world: the struggle for existence; the foreign invasion, the disputed succession geographic friction, civil strife; and it is now stronger than ever it was, its faith renewed, its credit intact, and its primacy known of all men. Let us believe that the untoward events of the war with Spain were brought about for some all-wise purpose by the Supreme Ruler of Men, and that that hand which has led American manhood through every emergency to the one goal of the American Union has in store for that Union even greater uses and glory than irradiated the dreams and blessed the prayers of the God-fearing men who gave it life

EDITOR'S NOTE—On the great question, Shall the United States Expand? now before the American public, the POST gave in last week's issue Andrew Carnegie's strong protest. Mr. Watterson's enthusiastic words in favor of expansion were first made public in a speech delivered before the Patria Club of New York

TOLD AFTER DINNER

When Part of the Audience Slept

THE great French play-writer and novelist, Dumas, upon one occasion found a man asleep in the Theatre Français during the performance of a play by his friend Soumet

"You see that?" said he, "that's your work."

Next evening a Dumas comedy was played The two friends looked in again and found a sleeper.

"You see, dear Dumas," said Soumet, your works can produce sleep"

"Do you refer to that man?" replied Dumas. "Why, that's the man who was there last night He's not awake yet!"

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Why the Trick Failed

A CONJUROR was exhibiting in Nashville and prepared in the usual way for the well-known trick of passing a marked coin into the centre of an uncut orange

He found an intelligent urchin, and promised to pass him into the show provided he agreed to come on the stage at a given signal. Of course the urchin assented. The boy was provided with a marked dollar, and when the curtain rose he was in the front row

The Professor proceeded to borrow a dollar in the audience, marked it similarly to the one in the urchin's pocket, and, after some flourishes, passed it into the orange, from which he extracted it

"Now," he said, "I'm going to ask some member of the audience to step on the stage, and then I'll pass the dollar into his pocket without going near him"

The youngster stepped up; the conjuror made the usual flourishes: "Now, my boy," he said, "put your hand in your right [illegible] trousers pocket and give me the dollar

The boy looked sheepish, but he dived his fist down. Then, to the horror of Herta, he produced a handful of silver and said: "I've only got ninety cents of it left, sir

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The Victim of Indian Politeness

A BOSTON girl who recently witnessed an Indian sham battle in the West tried to talk to a young Indian brave sitting next to her "Heap much fight," she said

Her Indian neighbor smiled, and replied "Yes; this is indeed a great exposition and we flatter ourselves that our portion of the entertainment is by no means the least attractive here. May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

The girl had been addressing one of the Carlisle Indian school graduates

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He Thought It Unfair

THE Atlanta Constitution affirms that as the representative of a Georgia county was leaving home to assume his honorable duties, one of his aged colored constituents said to him

"Marse Ben, you gwine ter de legislatur?"

"Yes, that's where I'm bound

"En you gwine ter make laws?"

"That's what they tell me"

"Er, how much will you git a day fer dat?"

"Four dollars"

"My Lawd!" exclaimed the astonished old man. "En des ter think,—all I gets is forty cents a day fer plowin', en only meat en bread fer pickin' cotton"

THE

MAKERS OF THE BEST-SELLING

BOOKS OF THE CENTURY

By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

Decoration by C. D. Williams

THERE are authors who write for influence, as well as those who cater to the market and those who live for art. Such authors write, as a class, because they must write,—they have something given them to say, and must say it. Uncle Tom's Cabin may not have been the creation of a literary art, but it is so earnestly written, and excites so deep an interest in suffering, misfortune and injustice, that readers, as a rule, do not so much as think of the style in the living picture,—and yet it is "style that lives."

Uncle Tom's Cabin easily leads the great books in the world among volumes written for influence, under the prophet's vision. Any affectation of style in the book would have been weakness. Faith transcends traditional style, and makes a language of its own. Mrs. Stowe saw the death of Uncle Tom, in a kind of vision, while at a communion service in a simple church. She hurried home to put the vision on paper. Such writing follows no models of the past; it makes, and must make, its own clothing. The sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin in Europe is said to have reached 1,500,000 copies.

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Books that Have Sold Over 1,000,000 Copies

There are a number of American authors whose books have reached a sale of 1,000,000 copies. Among the single books that have won such a great popularity is The Wide, Wide World, the very title of which touches a chord in the heart of any one who faces the stress of life alone. The pleasing novelettes of Mrs. Mary J. Holmes have sold more than 2,000,000 copies. The works of E. P. Roe reached a sale of 750,000 copies in the lifetime of the writer, and have now probably made the million record. The Muhlbach novels, the works of Mayne Reid, of William T. Adams, and the stories by Miss Alcott had a like acceptance by the public. America has half a dozen or more living authors the sale of whose books have reached a million copies.

Black Beauty, by Miss Anna Sewell, an invalid Quaker lady, of Yarmouth, England, has had a larger sale than any other tendency book recently published in England or America. It has been translated into many languages, and its sale has not been a million copies only, but millions of copies have been sold.

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Miss Sewell wrote the book on a bed of pain; she received a hundred dollars for the copyright, and only lived to see the beginning of its great influence in the world. The volume was published in 1877, and its circulation has never been so large as now. A single American firm recently ordered 100,000 copies for advertising purposes. The American Humane Society printed 421,000 copies of the work in a little more than a year. The demand for the book in Latin America is very great. The book was not written for the market, but for an influence to meet a need.

Leaving out of consideration books that are written for sensational effects and for the market, what is this art which makes a book or a periodical win its way direct to the hearts and homes of the people?

The authors of books that sell are, as a rule, those who strongly feel a public need, and are able to present a living subject in an interesting way, and so meets that need.

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The Queen with the Editorial Instinct

We are told that the Sultan of the Indies became so exasperated at the inability of his uninteresting wives to entertain him, that he resolved to cut off the head of each one when she ceased to be entertaining, and under these conditions the Oriental splendors of his court became distasteful to the daughters of the East. But Scheherezade, the Vizier's beautiful daughter, who had made a study of all the sympathetic and enchanting stories of the lands of the palms, accepted the hand of the hypercritical Sultan, saying that she would tell him half of a story every night and thus leave her Royal husband so interested that he never would desire her execution.

She became the relater of the stories of the Arabian Nights, perhaps the most charming story book in all the world. What a contributor she would have been to the New York Ledger, when in its palmy days it had seemed to adopt her methods.

Queen Scheherezade had the true editorial instinct. She knew what was interesting and where to find it, and her stories not only held the Sultan's devotion during her whole life, but have held the world's attention since he went, many centuries since, to the land where Sultans go.

The Queen's view of the charm of interesting stories seems to have been a correct one. If she ceased to be interesting she lost her head. So it always has been with authorship, and so, we fancy, it always will be.

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The One Essential for Popular Success

A story writer must possess the art of being sympathetic and interesting, or share the fate of the Sultan's former wives, who were rejected manuscripts. He must seek to make the art useful. "He who makes that which is useful agreeable," said old Horace, "wins every vote; his book crosses the sea, it will enrich the booksellers and win for him imperishable fame." Wise old Horace! The booksellers still get the money and the authors the fame!

The writer of this article was for many years a manuscript reader for a popular periodical, and came to meet socially many popular authors, some of whom enjoyed sharing with their fellow workers their amusing experiences and relating their early literary adventures.

For this reason two questions have not infrequently been asked of him, one of which is, "What is the cause of the rise and decline of periodicals?" and the other, "How may a new writer secure editorial and public favor?"

The answer to the first question is simple, and may be answered in one word: Personality, or individual character. James Parton, whose magazine work was very successful, and whose books piled up editions on editions, once said to the writer:

"If one would make a popular periodical one must strictly obey these three rules: (1) Always keep in the direction of your largest audience; (2) Always do honest things that affect the imagination of people, and (3) Always remember that two thirds of your readers are women and children."

Mr. Parton's social life was passed in the friendship of the most successful publishers of his time. His advice comprehended the rule of Horace for gaining public favor: "He who makes what is useful agreeable wins every vote." To make what is "useful agreeable" is to fulfill Mr. Parton's rules, which he had acquired by long observation and experience.

One can easily recall twenty periodicals that arose in favor, long held the public mind and heart, and yet, amid the greatest business efforts to keep them alive, declined. They were voices of the times, and there was always an individual heart and a sympathetic purpose behind the voice,—a distinct personality. It was personality that made Benjamin Franklin the popular editor of his day. Margaret Fuller left behind her few published works, but she had personality.

"A little well written," said Fitz Greene Halleck to Longfellow, "is immortal!" a single poem is fame if it have personality. The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, the New York Home Journal (Morris & Willis), the Philadelphia Ledger, the Tribune, the Atlantic, Harper's Century, and such publications as the American Agriculturist, Bonner's Ledger, and many other issues of phenomenal popularity, either had editorial personality at the beginning, or secured the personality of writers that reached the public heart.

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Genius is quoted as the great secret of success in the rise of papers, but it is perhaps less that than the power of the faith of the human heart. People love the pen that sympathizes with them, and it is sympathetic editing that wins and holds. When the heart goes out of a paper, it is dead. No business enterprise can take the place of a sympathetic purpose.

People will read that which is most interesting as they will go to the tables that supply them with the most palatable food. But they are usually most interested in that which most sympathizes with their own lives. So, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments the enchanting Queen mingles the tears of the poor with the fountains of pearls; she never repeats herself, or goes to the same source twice; she pictures dazzling courts, but she draws deep contrasts; it was a common sailor that saw rocs flying away with elephants, and the cadi, or the just judge, always sat at the gate to render a right decision on every occasion.

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The Royal Road to an Editor's Heart

Such wonderfully successful books as Uncle Tom's Cabin, Dickens' novels, John Halifax, Gentleman, The Wide, Wide World, and Black Beauty have a distinctively sympathetic touch, and the sympathy is genuine.

"A little diamond is worth a mountain of glass," and nothing is more true of publishing than that "a touch of sympathy makes the whole world kin."

The answer to the second question is more complicated. "How shall a writer with a purpose secure editorial and public favor and sympathetic influence?"

We might answer, By seeking to live in his inspiring purpose. Writers who seek popularity seldom find it. The writer who becomes a public voice is one who has something to say and must say it. Success in such a field, we may repeat, is won by him who writes that which is most interesting to the public mind in sympathy and in the trend of current events. A book successful at one period of public thought, need or feeling would not have an individual influence at another. One must have the heart that responds to the public need, and the power to give form to his feeling, if he would win and hold the public favor. Miss Alcott wrote with sympathetic inks.

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The Fortunes of Rejected Manuscripts

Books grow in experience. The writers live in them. The authors of books that sell as a rule have had to struggle long for recognition. I have seldom met a writer whose successful work was not at first refused or ignored by some editor who failed to see the trend of the public current of thought and feeling. Rejected manuscripts that have a purpose usually gather strength by failure. This experience is the record of the past. Pepys relates the weariness with which he listened to the Mid Summer Night's Dream. Irving's Sketch Book was rejected by the publisher to whom it was first offered. Byron, whose early work was, as every one knows, mercilessly criticised, said of Wordsworth's Idiot Boy, that the lake poet wrote as naturally, that he "seemed to be himself the hero of his tale."

Charles Mackay had to seek a publisher in America, and Joaquin Miller, who told me that The Songs of the Sierras were rejected many times, found his publisher and first audience in England. Walt Whitman was compelled to listen to the highest appreciation of his much rejected work as it came from over the sea.

John Stuart Mill said of Sartor Resartus that "it was the stupidest mess of stuff that he ever set eyes on." Poe's criticism of Longfellow is as well known. Of an edition of 1000 copies of Thoreau's first book, 700 copies were returned to the author, and the naturalist must have felt the necessity of continuing to live on pulse of his own raising amid the Walden pines if he would follow his inspiration. But who would not be more than content in simple living if one could at last find as high a place as the author of Walden in the hearts and consciences of men?

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Stumbling-Blocks to Literary Fame

"I have a large library," said Thoreau. "Seven hundred volumes which I wrote myself!"

Tennyson said that Browning's Sordello had but two lines that he could understand, and they were the first and last of the poem, and "both were lies." Henry Ward Beecher, in his early days, offered six sermons in payment for a subscription to a Western paper, and they were rejected. A book might be filled with instances of like misjudgments. Susan Warner had almost as great difficulty in finding a publisher for the Wide, Wide World as Charlotte Brontë had for Jane Eyre. She took it at last to a publisher and cried over her failure. The publisher accepted it on her tears. It was issued, and fell as dead as the first edition of Ben Hur. She took a copy to N. P. Willis and wept again over its failure. Mr. Willis reviewed it liberally, the public became interested, and found heart interpretation in it, and it became the best selling book of the times, and held the public interest for a full generation.

Books that sell are usually such as follow compelling visions. It is a sympathetic imagination of creative power that underlies most successful writing. Mrs. Burnett once told me that she could only write when this influence came to her. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, whose books have sold 2,000,000 copies, said the same thing,—that she did not write her books. They "came to her," following the waking dreams of her childhood in pleasing sympathy with young life.

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The story writer lives in the sphere of the imagination, and the people whom he meets there become realities to him, as with such popular interpreters of life as E. P. Roe.

James T. Field was one of the rarest of editors,—the Boswell of the literary men of his time; he rarely made a mistake. He

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

Number LXXI

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, *with a Drawing by George Gibbs*

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in 'seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet.
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be the first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and barnyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

A HURRY OF HOOFS IN THE VILLAGE STREET

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discovered authors, and whom he discovered he helped. Whittier spoke of him as that editor from whom

"Poets, whose name is legion if denied,
Bore off intact their verses and their pride!"

And yet, on reading Miss Alcott's first efforts with the pen, he advised her to "stick to teaching." A like misjudgment of many publishers fell upon the Mühlbach novels, of which more than 1,000,000 copies have been sold.

A writer once said to me: "I have sent articles to the Harpers, which were returned, but later accepted by the Atlantic; an article to one of the publications of the Harpers, which was returned, but accepted by another publication of the same firm. I once began a series of books of which a New York critic said: 'Hold him; he threatens to go on!' The series of books sold over half a million of copies. My most successful work has been at first rejected. Do I criticise the editors who returned the articles to me? Not at all. They knew their wants better than I could know them; each had his own audience to serve, and must serve his public after their own needs. There may be stupid editors, but they are not common. No publisher could afford to long retain an editor without vision."

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Books that sell are usually evolutions. "The true purpose is to grow," Margaret Fuller once said.

"You are the only American author who achieved success at a single effort. You wrote the Amber Gods, and became famous," one said to Harrite Prescott Spofford.

"No," she replied, "you are in error; I prepared the way by the usual experience. I had been writing under cover for a long time."

Poe's Bells was at first a two-stanza poem. Bryant's Thanatopsis, when first published, was introduced by four rhymed stanzas, and the sublime passage which now ends the reflection did not then appear. The best work grows. It is rejected manuscripts that at last succeed, and it is often the case in these that an afterthought is the finest touch, and the cause of their success. The work of Samuel Smiles and of Ruskin were evolutions of lectures given in answer to public needs. Faust was the evolution of the whole life of Goethe. The most successful of all my own stories have been rewritten.

After thirty years of editorial and pen work of ordinary acceptance, I am led to see how wise old Horace was when he said that "He who makes what is useful agreeable wins every vote," and that the useful can only be made agreeable by a sympathetic heart and a creative imagination, and by evolution. Such writers multiply themselves.

The way to avoid rejected manuscript is to write what one must say, and the public must read, and to give it adequate evolution; to not exceed one's inspiration, and to lay down the pen when one has no more to say. No one ever had anything earnest to say, and was willing to say it well, who failed to find a public response to the inspiration.

No one strikes music outside of the keynote of life. Rejected manuscripts are usually due to the fault of the writers, for most editors, like the Sultan of the Indies, know the wants and needs of the reading people too well to cut off the head of a true Scheherezade.

It is said that useful books that become popular do not always represent the highest art. This is in part true. The great art work of Charles Dickens, The Tale of Two Cities, never had the great popularity of David Copperfield or Oliver Twist. The books of Dickens that sprang out of his heart outsold his masterpiece of art. But the great master of fiction must have found a like pleasure in both works.

Such perfect books are the models of literature, and are immortal. But he who writes for influence, and writes after the most appealing manner, lives in his influence, and becomes a voice of his times. He has his reward. And is it not a high ambition to desire that a book written to help any cause of humanity should sell a million copies?

The builder of the palace is noble, but he is also worthy who builds a thousand roofs of shelter for those who cannot expect to be Kings. Benjamin Franklin said: "The great question of life is, what good can I do in the world?"

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Martin F. Tupper writes a book of verse, and it meets with no response. He has thoughts that he still wishes to share with the world. He writes Proverbial Philosophy; it leaps to a fortieth edition, and is universally read. Then the author and his books go into oblivion, while a Tennyson lives on. But the shelved book helped the age; and despite all that critics may say, the singer fulfilled a trust. If the orchard robin cannot become a nightingale, the air is still made sweeter by the song which is soon forgotten.

Books that sell are responses to some need in the public mind or heart, and it is no ignoble vision and inspiration that is able to comprehend the want, and to produce the volume to meet it.

As a rule, there arises no more useful people in any place or age than the authors who are haunted by an idea that they cannot help expressing, and whose books sell.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

Business Outlook for the Year 1899

The annual reports on the great industrial and financial interests of the United States show that the year 1898 was an extraordinary one in the largest possible sense. To the question, Will the prosperity of 1898 continue? the POST replies in the words of eminent authorities on the lines quoted, as follows:

National Trade: "The imports of merchandise in 1898 were $634,000,000; exports, $1,258,000,000; excess of exports, $624,000,000; all export records broken; outlook for 1899 still better."

Eastern Trade: "Shipments of merchandise from Eastern points to Western and Southern points are increasing, and there is every prospect of increased railroad earnings generally this year."

Western Trade: "The prospects of trade are bright. I believe the business done by this country will not only be maintained, but will be largely increased."

Southern Trade: "At no time since 1880 have conditions and surroundings been so full of promise as they are to-day."

Agriculture: "Great as have been recent returns, the future promises greater."

Railroads: "I have never known the railroad outlook to be better than it is now."

Cotton: "There is much suggestive of what is encouraging for the future."

Iron: "The iron industry will witness a year of extraordinary energy and prosperity."

Steel: "The United States alone can supply the world's needs."

Copper: "The output in the Lake Superior district was greater in 1898 than ever before, and 1899 promises to exceed it."

Stocks: "I have never seen the business outlook more favorable for all kinds of investments."

Wholesale Groceries: "An unusually prosperous year ahead."

Dry Goods: "Much better results than last year."

Jewelry: "The greatest prosperity yet known."

Shoe and Leather Trade: "1899 will see a still greater advance in our export business, as well as a corresponding growth in manufacturing in this country."

Wall Street: "The boom has just begun. There's nothing in sight in the money market to scare anybody."

England Clears the Way for an American Interoceanic Canal

The principal political obstacle in the way of the construction of an interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Nicaragua, by or with the sanction of the United States Government, has been the prohibitory clause in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty between the United States and Great Britain, of which mention has been made in the POST.

It now appears that Great Britain is both willing to agree to the abrogation of that iron-clad clause, and desires that the United States shall construct a canal on either of the proposed Nicaraguan routes. Further, she is willing that this country shall control the waterway when finished, on the conditions that the United States guarantees the neutrality of the canal, and conserves British interests in it.

This condition renders the question clearer than it has ever been, and should stimulate Congress to make reasonably quick work of the three schemes now before it.

Stepping-Stones Between San Francisco and Manila

Recent occurrences have made it sound policy for the United States to begin picking up some "unconsidered trifles" in the Pacific Ocean that heretofore were not deemed worth the cost of an American flag, in the shape of islands that will make convenient stopping-places on the long journey from San Francisco to Manila.

With Wake Island, some 1300 miles east of Guam, in the Ladrone group, and about 2000 miles beyond the most westerly of the Hawaiian group, our readers became somewhat acquainted last summer, when it was erroneously reported that it had been seized by one of the expeditions to Manila. It is now declared that the Government has ordered a naval officer to take immediate possession of it for a Pacific cable station.

A curious history is attached to the Phœnix and Union groups of islands, which the Government has recently discovered have been considered as American possessions for many years. They lie east of the Caroline Islands, and north of the Samoan, and are in the path of steamers plying between San Francisco and Australian ports.

These islands have a population of about 50,000, and possess great value because of their location near the course of steamers from the projected Nicaragua Canal to the Philippines. As every speck of land in the Pacific on or near present or projected steamship routes is of importance to us, the long-neglected Phœnix and Union groups are to be placed under the American flag.

The Disastrous Effects of Restricting the Right to Vote

The recent race disturbances in North and South Carolina were based on the local dictum that negroes shall not exercise authority over the whites. This contravenes one of the most important amendments to the Federal Constitution, and actions in its spirit are liable to lead to Federal intervention.

While the General Government has been careful to conserve the rights of the States individually, and respect the laws they have enacted for their own government as commonwealths, three States,—South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana,—have found means of violating the Federal Constitution by local constitutional amendments by which the voting privilege practically has been taken away from their colored citizens.

One result of this action was very noteworthy in the late elections in these States, when in two only about one-fifth and in one about one-fourth of the legal voters exercised the elective franchise.

Locally, it is claimed that this restrictive franchise has given the States a superior administration; but it certainly violates the spirit of the national declaration of 1866.

How Large Shall Our New Army Be?

In Congress the reorganization and enlargement of the Army has passed from a national to a partisan measure. Two different bills, and two reports from the House Committee on Military Affairs, have been under discussion, with a strong party flavoring.

The report of the majority of the committee, representing the Republicans, provides for an increase of the standing Army to something over 100,000 men, as a national necessity caused by the results of the war.

That of the minority, representing the Democrats, calls for the reduction of the Army, as increased by Congress last year to 62,000 men, to 30,000, and provides for present emergencies with the enlistment of 50,000 volunteers to serve but two years.

The reports estimate that the majority measure would place a permanent annual charge of $145,000,000 on the people, and the minority plan an annual charge of $30,000,000 for the regulars and one of $50,000,000 for two years for the volunteers. The minority report limits the service of the volunteers to two years on the opinion of the signers that all necessity for such a large force will have disappeared within that time.

American Workshops Crowded with Foreign Orders

Foreign manufacturers have become alarmed over the large number of representatives of American workshops who are swarming their industrial centres and picking up valuable orders directly beneath their noses, and our consuls report that the American industrial invasion of Europe is now of greater proportions than ever before.

Within two months Russia has sent us an initial order for 80,000 tons of steel rails; Japan has taken 5000 bales of cotton; the Australian Government has ordered from Pittsburg and Chicago 64,000 tons of steel sheets, to be rolled into water pipes that will cost $2,000,000; and a French motor company has placed orders in Chicago for the construction of 1000 electrical vehicles annually for ten years, and in Holyoke, Newton and Chicopee, Massachusetts, for the same number of steam, gasoline and petroleum motors.

Schenectady has shipped twenty-seven locomotives to Japan, and received an order for ten mogul freight engines for the Midland Railroad of England. Philadelphia received orders for sixteen locomotives for the Imperial Railway of China, and for ten freight engines for the Midland of England.

This list might be enlarged readily; but, incomplete as it is, it is a fair presentation of two months' experience in the way costly foreign orders are coming to our workshops.

The United States Drawn Into Chinese Complications

The United States has again become a participant in the international movements in China; not, however, as a land-seizer, but as a land-protector. Many years ago it rendered a sharp and beneficial service there. No action since has embarrassed the Empire. In the recent looting of Chinese territory this Government has had neither part nor sympathy.

The present intervention is a small matter in itself, yet in the jealous eyes of several European Powers it may have an important political bearing. In brief, France demanded of China such an extension of her settlement at Shanghai as would include some property long in possession of American citizens.

Great Britain being in the same position there as the United States, both Governments united in a strong protest to the Chinese Government against granting the concession demanded by France. However, the last official reports plainly indicate that China has added to her perplexities by yielding to France, despite the protests.

Failure of Congress to Restrict Immigration

The latest movement to restrict immigration into the United States has been defeated in Congress by the refusal of the House to consider the measure known as the Lodge Immigration Bill,—a result which was entirely unlooked for at the hands of a Republican majority.

The purpose of the bill in its last form was to restrict the admission of persons who cannot read and write, and to prohibit the employment on public works of aliens who come to the United States solely to obtain work, with no intention of being citizens.

This bill had an eventful career. It was born of a pledge in the Republican National Platform of 1896; it was adopted in both houses of Congress in the winter of 1896-7; and it was vetoed by President Cleveland on March 2, 1897.

On the following day the House passed it over the veto, and the Senate sent it to its Immigration Committee, where it expired with that Congress. Then, after being modified in accordance with original objections, it was, after some delay, finally reintroduced into the Fifty-fifth Congress, where the Senate passed, and the House killed it.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WITH A WORD OR TWO OF COMMENT

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have read with interest your ingenious editorial in the POST of December 17 on The Confessions of a Vocabulary. I had given the matter considerable thought since reading it, and can find no instance where the method does not hold good. But your wealth of example and felicity of expression practically exhausted all there was to be said on your novel theme. I write to ask you, in my inexcusable ignorance of Biblical lore, to what you refer when you say, "In the old Bible days on one occasion 42,000 persons were killed because they could not pronounce a certain word"?

Atlantic City, New Jersey. N. S. E.

[The story of this great lesson on the awfulness of mispronunciation is recorded in Judges 12: 6. When the men of Gilead under Jephthah won a victory over the Ephraimites, Jephthah stationed guards along the river Jordan to question all who sought to cross it, and gave them "Shibboleth" as a password. The Ephraimites could not pronounce the sh, and by saying "sibboleth" betrayed themselves, and 42,000 of them were killed at the ford.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have read with great interest the editorial entitled The Dark Valley of Prosperity, and desire to say that it seems to me the great test of the individual is both poverty and wealth, failure and success.

True, man in adversity exercises his mental powers to a greater or less extent in hopeful aspiration to emerge from unfortunate environments; yet he also finds innumerable souls manifesting that noble activity which shows the virtue of prosperity and the heroic fortitude to resist temptations. On the other hand, we behold countless lives so warped and perverted by continuous defeat and disappointment that downfall and ruin is their destiny.

Then, again, the incessant grind, the plotting, planning and devising for the commonest necessities of life, together with physical disease and suffering, are a fearful test of human life and character. All mental and bodily afflictions fall heavier on those who are in the shadow and obscurity of a relentless poverty or a fortune reversed, and I think the trials and temptations amid such environments outweigh those wherein the blessings of wealth and success are centred.

But whether we are the children of poverty or wealth, failure or success, we are safe against the triumph of iniquity if we will cling to an unshaken foundation, that stronghold of Justice, Truth and Love which is the glory of man,—his divine energy and sublime resistance, which "bends not to the storm," but overcometh all things and endureth all things.

Chicago. SUSAN CULVER COLLIN.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The editorial in a recent issue of the POST on The Confessions of a Vocabulary is decidedly clever and novel, but, for instance, suppose a man were a reporter, how would you be able to tell his calling? Then, there is the wide-reading man who dabbles in all sorts of literature, and would be liable to talk things over at home or with a friend. Would not the multitude of different words baffle one?

Tampa, Florida. J. I. R.

[In cases such as these the reconstruction would be largely dependent on collateral evidence cleverly evolved from the use of special words and from the non-use of others. The reporter would of course use the words "editor," "assignment," "beat," "interview," "paper," "press," "scoop," etc. These or similar words would recur constantly day after day for weeks or months in his conversation, so we could discover not only that he was a reporter, but what was the line of his duty on any given day.

The omnivorous reader would, in his conversation as to the books, probably speak much of "book," "author," "writer," "criticism," "realism," "novel," etc. The absence of technical words denoting profession or business in this connection would, with other collateral evidence, soon determine him to be an enthusiast in literature. You must not overlook that this vocabularic method of reading character and reconstructing a biography was based on having the vocabulary of a lifetime, or of some years, at least, and that every prior deduction would be at command in investigation at later points and would help in elucidating dark problems.—The Editor.]

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

When Dewey was Defeated

In spite of Admiral Dewey's long line of victories, he once met his conqueror. It was his schoolmaster. At Johnson, Vermont, was a little school taught by a man named Pangborn. Among the scholars was George Dewey, then a boy of fourteen years. He was, at the time, the leader of that element which boasted of allowing no master to stay longer than it desired. And when these boys thought the proper time for action had come, the master was promptly thrown out.

The school board was looking for some one who could handle the boys, when Pangborn applied for the place and was engaged. He was short and slight, but determined to run his school. One morning the mischievous youngsters showed signs of mutiny. Pangborn, at recess, went to the village harness shop and armed himself with a rawhide whip.

An outbreak occurred within the first half-hour, and Dewey was the ringleader. The teacher knew his time had come to conquer or go out the door.

"George, come to the desk," commanded the little Pangborn. The school was in suspense for a moment only.

Dewey walked to the teacher with his purpose declared in every step and in his face. He made a move to seize the teacher, when out of the cloak, like a flash, came the rawhide across the back of his extended hand, laying it open as if cut with a knife.

That ended the insubordination for the day and for the year. It ended it for all time with Dewey. He wanted to go home and have his father dress his hand, but Pangborn was something of an emergency surgeon. He tore up a handkerchief and bound the lacerated hand, and compelled Dewey to remain until school was dismissed.

The man who thus administered a thrashing to our gallant Admiral was no other than the Honorable L. K. Pangborn, recently elected representative from a New Jersey district.

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The Activity of Julia Ward Howe

In spite of the fact that she is in her eightieth year, Julia Ward Howe is losing none of her interest in the formation of women's clubs. Recently she returned from Rome, and hastened to Boston to attend a meeting of the New England Women's Club.

While in Rome, her daughter said to Mrs. Howe laughingly:

"I know that you will miss your clubs over here, and we must see what kind of literary gathering can be arranged."

As a result of that suggestion, a group of about twenty ladies met at stated times, and listened to the reading of papers on various subjects. Mrs. Howe herself prepared and read two,—one on Optimism and Pessimism as Efficient Social Factors, and the other, A Plea for Humor.

In one of these meetings, Mrs. Howe was asked to recite The Battle-Hymn of the Republic, and she laughingly says that, when she had finished, Paul Leyson, son of the famous Pere Hyacinthe, innocently asked her who was the author of the poem.

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Sir John Lubbock and His Strange Pets

Sir John Lubbock, who is now nearing his sixty-fifth birthday, is one of the most active of men. When he is tired of the banking world, he turns to the political world; when tired of that, he seeks a change in the insect world,—the spider world, the bee world, the wasp world, the ant world.

In his private sanctum, at his country seat, Sir John Lubbock has a receptacle for bees and wasps; and, as they come and go, he studies their habits and their characteristics. He has been studying these little, hot-tempered creatures for years, and knows them.

The story is told, that some time ago Sir John found a wasp whose wings were so smeared with honey that it couldn't fly. He watched it, and presently saw a lot of other wasps,—chums of the sticky one,—come up and lick the honey off. The operation, however, was not conducted in as praiseworthy a fashion as it might have been, so Sir John, after giving the invalid a bath, put it out to dry in a bottle. When it was clean and respectable looking he let it loose; but, after flying home, it came back, perhaps not exactly to express its gratitude, but at all events to fetch some more honey.

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Romance of Wilhelmina's Betrothal

Although it is already known that Queen Wilhelmina will marry Prince William of Wied, the fact has not been officially announced, for various reasons. The St. James Budget points out that, before the sovereigns and heads of foreign countries can be notified of the engagement, the momentous questions have to be determined as to whether the husband of the young Queen should be authorized to take the title of King, whether he should be invested with the rights and prerogatives of a Prince Consort, or whether he should simply retain the title which he bore before his marriage.

When this has been decided, the official notification of the engagement will be sent to the Powers. At present it appears probable that Prince William of Wied will be created a member of the Royal family of Holland by letters patent, which Queen Wilhelmina will confer upon him. The marriage will take place next spring at the Hague.

The story of his betrothal to Queen Wilhelmina is not without a touch of romance. Princess Pauline, of Würtemberg, who is the intimate friend and sole confidante of Queen Wilhelmina, married the elder brother of Prince William of Wied.

Before her marriage the Princess used to spend a part of the year with the presumptive heiress to the throne of Holland, and the two friends at times would dream dreams of the future, as young girls will, be they Princesses or peasants. Engaged in this pleasant occupation one day, they thought how pleasant it would be to marry two brothers, and thus unite themselves by bonds of kinship as well as affection.

The idea grew on them, and they determined, if possible, to carry it into effect. Herein lies the secret of the indifference which the youthful Queen has shown to all the aspirants to her hand with the exception of Princess Pauline's brother-in-law.

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How Gilbert Parker Became an Author

Like most bright boys, young Parker had his career carefully and prayerfully laid out by his parents, and when the time for individual action came he struck out on an entirely different course.

He was educated at Trinity College, Toronto, and then, in obedience to the parental behest, he began to prepare himself for the Episcopal ministry. After spending a few months in theological study, he openly rebelled.

He had a natural appetite for literature, and while pondering what he could do with it, or in it, he was surprised by a call from his college to become lecturer on English Literature. To this post he stuck till satisfied that he was not yet on the right track, and then started on a voyage to Australia for his health, and to think.

For several months he traveled among the principal cities, supporting himself by lecturing. Then he was commissioned by the Morning Herald, of Sydney, to visit the South Sea, Sandwich, and other far-off islands, and describe the conditions of life he found there. While in Sydney he dramatized a version of Faust, which was produced at a theatre in that city and met with no great success.

Newspaper work was exceedingly distasteful to him, but his letters so struck the popular fancy that he was urged to gather them in book form, and his first two and only books of travel, Round the Compass in Australia, and Below the Sun Line, were the result.

He was now an author, and speeded to London to establish himself. "By rare fortune," he said, "I was spared the first terrible experience of the average literary career in London, and I soon made my way into the magazines. When I went to London I presented two letters of introduction to editors. Neither of these men have ever accepted a line of my work. Those that gave me encouragement were strangers."

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A Ten-Millionaire Telegraph Operator

The United States can boast of having more young men of exceedingly large wealth actively engaged in business pursuits than probably any other nation. In a majority of cases the really representative young men of great fortunes have become eminent in business, not by the purchase of controlling offices, but by a personal working up from a common apprenticeship.

The coming of age of Frank Jay Gould, the youngest son of the noted railroad and telegraph magnate, and the turning over to him of a fortune of at least $10,000,000, did not in the least turn the young man's head. He was brought up with the knowledge that, while he would inherit a one-sixth share in his father's large estate, he would be expected to work, not for his living, but for his own moral and intellectual good.

He was educated at the University of the City of New York, and, immediately after leaving his studies, was put to work as a telegraph operator in the Western Union office, with the view of acquiring such a familiarity with the affairs of that corporation that in time he would be able to take charge of its management.

The four sons of Jay Gould are now hard at work. George is particularly identified with the management of the Missouri Pacific Railroad system; Edwin, beside other interests, manages a large match manufactory; Howard is an active member of the New York Stock Exchange; and young Frank is preparing himself to take control of the greatest telegraph business in the world.

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Mayor Grace's Love for His Native Land

William Russell Grace, whose business representatives recently secured from the Nicaraguan Government a contract for the construction of an interoceanic canal, was the first Mayor of New York City since Colonial days who was not born in the United States.

Mr. Grace is a native of Ireland, and first came to this country when seventeen years old. Not finding the business opportunity he desired, he went to Liverpool and entered a shipping house, which sent him to Peru. While in South America, Grace established a banking and shipping firm of his own, which now has branches in New York, San Francisco and London.

He has resided in New York since 1865, and become a man of large wealth and active philanthropy. He is interested in vast business enterprises, yet finds time for much indulgence in the functions of social life.

When, under a joint resolution of Congress, the frigate Constellation was selected to carry food to the starving poor of Ireland, Mr. Grace volunteered to provide one-quarter of the entire cargo that the ship could carry, and also offered the services of all his shipping clerks to classify and arrange it. Subsequently Mr. Grace personally took charge of the loading of the vessel.

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LITTLE PARAGRAPHS

ABOUT LIVING PEOPLE

Perkins' First Experience with Filipinos.—Senator Perkins, of California, once had an experience with Filipinos which might have ended disastrously. Years ago the Senator was a sailor. The ship lay becalmed off one of the Philippines, when three junks manned by crews of bloodthirsty Malay pirates pulled off from the shore some five or six miles away.

Now, sailors know of no more unwelcome visitor than a Malay pirate. He disregards all the polite rules of society, and is a most uncongenial comrade. Perkins and his mates were anxiously awaiting the expected attack of these pirates, whose coming always meant bloodshed and robbery, when, fortunately, a breeze sprang up, the tops'ls filled, and the ship got beyond the reach of the junks.

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How McCarthy Benefited One Man.—J. H. McCarthy, the son of Justin McCarthy, who is lecturing in this country on Omar Khayyam, says that after a lecture in Brooklyn one of the hearers thanked him for his exposition of the Persian poet's work, and added: "I never before knew the difference between Omar Khayyam and Hunyadi Janos."

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Senator Turpie Takes His Turn.—Senator Turpie, of Indiana, says he never carries a watch, because people used to bother him by asking the time. "I thought I'd try my turn at bothering somebody else about the time," says the Senator.

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How Doctor Van Dyke Saved the Day.—At a banquet recently given in honor of General Miles, a punch was served in which two tiny flags, American and British, were stuck in the ice at each side.

The object of the decoration, of course, was to typify Anglo-American good feeling. The prominent English guest of the evening, in replying to a toast to the two countries, looked at the punch, and said that there seemed to be a coldness existing between the two countries.

The witticism was well received, but Doctor Van Dyke, who followed the Englishman, pointed to the punch and retorted that, no matter what coldness there seemed to be between the two countries, they were united by the same spirit.

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Senator Morrill's Gift to His Colleagues.—The late Senator Morrill was an orator of no mean ability, but he never tried to monopolize the valuable time of Congress in speechmaking. He would make a speech early in each session, and then send a copy of the Congressional Record containing his speech, bound in Russia leather, to each member of Congress, and a paper-bound copy to every voter in the State of Vermont.

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Kipling's Advice to Julia Marlowe.—Julia Marlowe, who used to pass her summers on a farm not very far from Rudyard Kipling's New Hampshire estate, received as a Christmas present from the author a copy of his latest book, The Day's Work. On the fly leaf, Mr. Kipling wrote:

"When skies are gray instead of blue,
With clouds that come to dishearten;
When things go wrong, as they sometimes do
In life's little kindergarten,
I beg you, my child, don't weep and wail,
And don't, don't take to tippling;
But cheer your soul with a little tale
By Neighbor Rudyard Kipling."

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Christmas Dinner at the North Pole.—Life in the frozen North is not so forbidding or bereft of comfort, if we may believe what Lieutenant Peary tells us. This famous American explorer says that his Christmas menu while north of the Arctic Circle generally consisted of broiled salmon, trout with tomato sauce, potato patties, olives, roast saddle of reindeer, cheese, sweets, nuts, raisins, champagne, cigarettes and coffee.

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

A Golden Sorrow, by Maria Louise Pool.—The action of A Golden Sorrow takes place in St. Augustine, where Mrs. Leete and her daughter, Vieve, are spending the summer. Mr. Faxon Shepard, also a lounger at the beach, is described as a New Englander, from New Hingham, Massachusetts, who, though wealthy, chooses to live modestly, and pass as one possessed of but a small income. The third character essential to the story is José Maria de Mendoza, a wealthy Florida plantation owner, the heir of Spanish ancestors and manners, and of a peculiarly disagreeable, fighting disposition.

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Both Mrs. Leete and her daughter appear to be characterless souls, the former anxious that her daughter should marry for money, and the latter incapable of a passion that could not be overawed and corrected by her mother. Shepard falls in love with Miss Leete, but immediately finds a rival to his happiness in Mendoza, who indulges in opera-bouffe attempts to dispose of him in various duels.

Shepard really wins the affection of the daughter, but Mendoza's wealth obtains the consideration of the mother, who, mistaking Shepard's simplicity for poverty, works heartily against him. In the most inconsequential manner in the world, Vieve, the daughter, is made suddenly to marry Mendoza, and then bewail her action. Her discarded lover, learning of the part Mendoza's wealth has played, loses no time in adding to the bitterness of the situation by making it clear that he has even a greater fortune than Mendoza. Conditions are accepted, however; Shepard goes his New England way, and five years elapse before a technical catch in the marriage law makes the union of Mendoza and Vieve null and void. This is considered Shepard's great opportunity, and he comes forward readily to proffer his hand, so that the lady is never really out of fortune at any time.

This work will add nothing to the fame of the author. The dramatic situations are not convincing, and the conditions under which the various actions take place lack atmosphere. The publishers have issued it in a charming binding. (Published by Herbert S. Stone & Company, Chicago.)

* * *

South London, by Sir Walter Besant.—It is hard to believe that South London, three hundred years ago, was a marsh, protected from the river's overflow by an embankment. To-day it is the home of two millions of London's working people. It is with the history of their home life, their amusements, occupations, manners, customs, their every-day life, from the earliest settlement until the present time, that the book occupies itself.

The chapter on Fairs is specially interesting, showing the sports, the booths and shows of olden days; that on Bermondsey Abbey introduces us anew to the beautiful Katharine, Queen of Henry V and the mother of the Tudors, and to Elizabeth Woodville. Then we read of pageants and ridings, of pilgrimages to Canterbury, of the debtors' prisons, of the pleasure gardens, and so on.

The publishers have done their part of the work well. The binding is of green cloth, with black filigree work round the ancient seal of St. Mary Overies,—one of the oldest and most remarkable churches in London. The excellent illustrations, of which there are more than a hundred, add greatly to one's enjoyment of the book. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

* * *

De Soto and His Men in the Land of Florida, by Grace King.—The disastrous expedition of Hernando de Soto to conquer Florida is comparatively less known than, because overshadowed by, the exploits of Cortes, Pizarro, and even Coronado, the searcher for the seven cities.

De Soto, the son of an impecunious nobleman, had, at the age of sixteen, followed Pedrarias d'Avila to Darien, and had finally become the Lieutenant-General of Pizarro in Peru, whence he returned to Spain, at the age of thirty-six, rich and famous. But, not content with the favors Fortune had showered upon him, he ventured again across the ocean and into the wilderness of the New World, embarking his all in the undertaking.

The Spanish King granted him permission to conquer Florida at his own expense, together with the usual titles and privileges. The fleet of seven large vessels and three caravels sighted the coast of the peninsula on June 25, 1539, and then began the long, weary march, ever in search of treasure, amid savages who were warlike and strong, until hope faded into disappointment, and courage turned into threatened mutiny.

De Soto died on May 21, 1542, of fever, already conscious of the utter failure of his undertaking, and with him disappeared the spirit that held the dwindling band together. Nearly five years after their departure the remnant of the expedition reached Panuco, in Mexico, in a pitiful condition, having lost in their long way through Florida, Georgia, part of South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Tennessee all their equipments, their three hundred and fifty horses, and nearly all their arms.

Miss King has compiled her story from the only accounts of the expedition in existence, those of Garcilaso de la Vaga, Alonzo de Carmona (one of De Soto's soldiers), Juan Coles and A Gentleman of Evas, and she has wrought well. Her book has the true spirit of adventure from first to last, and retains no little of the fascination of the old records on which it is based. (Published by Macmillan & Company, New York.)

* * *

A Moonshiner's Son, by Will Allen Dromgoole.—Boys,—and older people, too, for that matter,—will enjoy this wholesome story of the temptations and the perseverance of an honest, upright hero, who is the son of a man engaged in illegally distilling liquor. In the midst of unpromising surroundings, the boy grows up sturdy, staunch, honest to the core, though thoroughly uncultured. Through the efforts of a passing traveler he is induced to go to a large city, where he prospers in business, and becomes a successful, intelligent citizen, inheriting, on the death of his benefactor, a large sum of money. (Penn Publishing Co., Phila.)

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Personal Sketches of Recent Authors, by Hattie Tyng Griswold.—There is always a strong interest felt in the home life, the personal habits and idiosyncracies of men and women who have won fame, and in this little volume the author has given biographical sketches of eighteen authors whose names and work we all know.

The chapters are necessarily short, but they are comprehensive. They are made up of anecdotes, personalities, details of the home life and characteristic traits of the authors considered.

Five Americans are included among the eighteen,—Stowe, Alcott, Howells, Thoreau and Bayard Taylor. One Frenchman (Renan) is considered, and one Russian (Tolstoi). The others are English. Lifelike photographs, reproduced in admirable half-tone, help to make the subjects more familiar to many readers. The author's previous work, The Home Life of Great Authors, which was published some twelve years ago, met with good success, and this new book is written in the same vein. (Published by A. C. McClure & Company, Chicago.)

* * *

Lyddy, a Tale of the Old South, by Eugenia J. Bacon.—This story was written with the object of correcting the false impression which, the author alleges, has been created by Mrs. Stowe's work. She certainly has given us a picture of an ideal South before the war. Without sanctioning slavery as an institution, one can readily imagine circumstances in which many a plantation might have been a pleasant place for all concerned, where a good, kind master lived among a host of happy, care-free slaves. Such conditions existed in Mrs. Bacon's father's house; and, while she admits frankly and without bitterness that it has proved for the best, she says that the turning loose of these millions of blacks was as if an orphan school had been disbanded with the words:

"Children, go into the world; provide your homes, food and clothing."

The descriptions of life on a plantation, of barbecues at Christmas time, of banjo-picking by the cabin doors, of love-making under the magnolias, of homely scenes of joy and sadness, all form a narrative that is well worth reading. "Lyddy" is a nurse who loves the coachman that belongs to her master, but she meets a free negro, with whom she becomes infatuated. She marries him, but soon discovers her mistake, and, after the war, returns to the old plantation and dies in the arms of the lover of her youth. (Published by the Continental Publishing Company, New York.)

SINGER National Costume Series

TURKEY (Albania)

The Albanians, living in the fertile region north of Greece, are subjects of the Sultan of Turkey, although certain tribes acknowledge no allegiance except in time of war. Then they willingly send their quota of men, for the Albanians are a nation of fighters—muscular, active and erect, but cruel and treacherous. The accompanying photograph pictures, more strongly than words, the character and dress of the average Albanian.

The men are seldom without pistols, which they thrust through their wide girdles, and which are often masterpieces from the jeweler's hands.

The women are mere slaves, tall and strong, uneducated and ill-treated. The introduction of SINGER Sewing Machines into this country has proved a great blessing to its women, who make all the garments worn by the family, and deftly produce the embroidery which forms one of the chief exports.

Sold on Instalments. You can try one FREE. Old Machines taken in Exchange

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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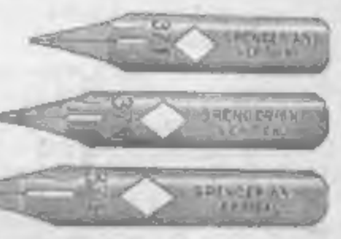

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